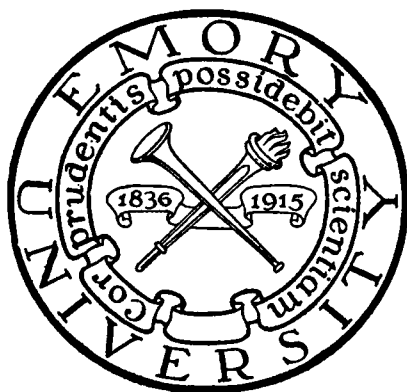


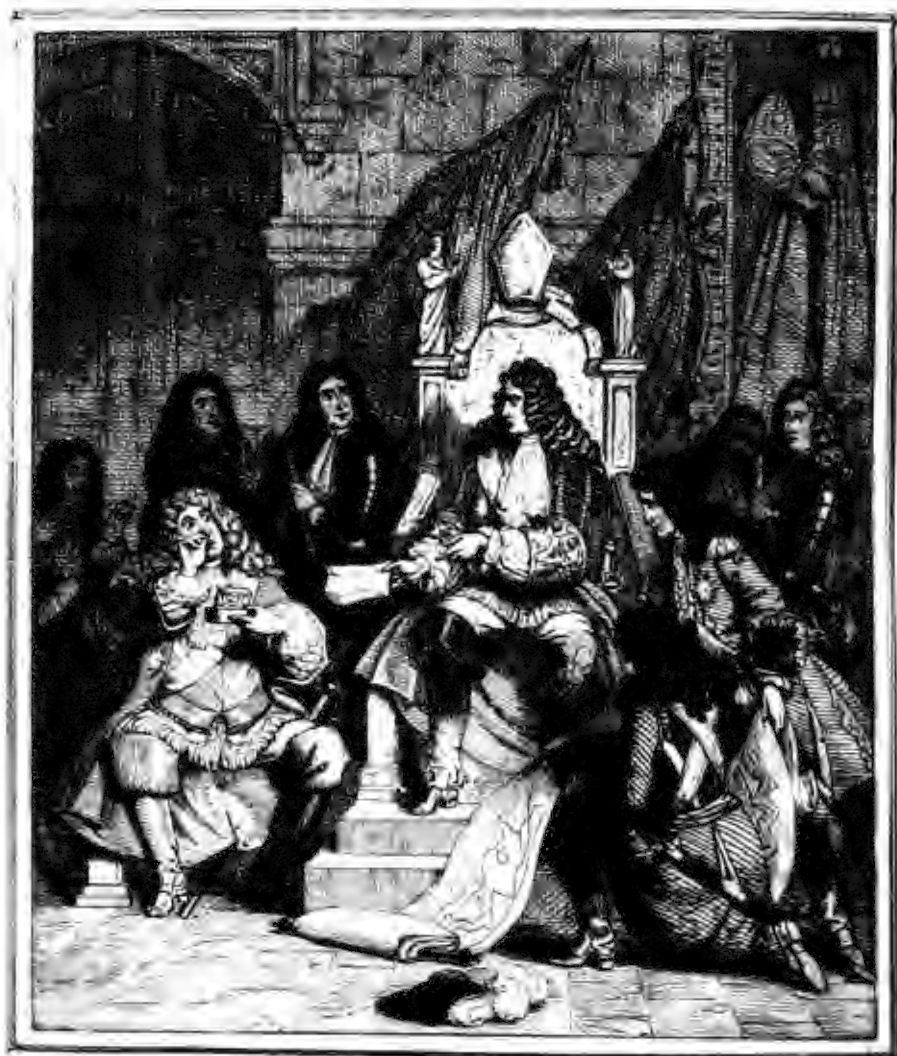
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JAMES THE SECOND.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

VOL. III.



W. G. W.

THE DUSSING

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

An Historical Romance.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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JAMES THE SECOND ;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

IX.

FEVERSHAM AND CHURCHILL.

WHILE the events just related were taking place in London, the King's army had pursued its march, and ultimately encamped on Salisbury Plain.

The morning was somewhat advanced, as two officers issued from a pavilion near the centre of the camp; and, halting outside, looked anxiously up the road to London.

The foremost was the Earl of Feversham, the commander-in-chief; and his companion was Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough.

Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, was a native of France, and son of the Duke de Duras, and brother of the Duke de Lorge. His mother was a member of the noble house of Bouillon, and sister of the great Turenne. At the Restoration, he bore the French title of Marquis of Blancfort, and accompanying Charles II. to England, he was naturalized, and appointed to the command of the third troop of horse-guards, from which he was afterwards promoted to the first. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665; and some years afterwards was raised by Charles II. to the English Peerage, under the title of Baron Duras of Holdenby; and having married Mary, the eldest daugh-

ter of Sir George Londes, of Lees Court, Kent, who had been created Earl of Feversham, the same title was conferred upon him on the death of his father-in-law. In 1679, he was made master of the horse to Queen Katherine, and was afterwards appointed her lord-chamberlain; and on the accession of James II., was admitted into the Privy Council, and despatched as commander-in-chief against the Duke of Monmouth, whom he completely defeated, and sent a prisoner to London.

Feversham was tall and well-shaped, with a frank and expressive countenance, and resembled his maternal uncle, Turenne.

Born at Aske, in Devonshire, on the 25th of June, 1650, Lord Churchill was the son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Newton Basset, in Wiltshire, who had joined the standard of Charles I. during the Civil War, and suffered severely for his loyalty. It

was probably owing to this circumstance that the education of the future hero was entirely neglected. Lord Chesterfield speaks of him as “unusually illiterate;” and he said himself that his whole acquaintance with history was derived from Shakspeare’s plays. A letter in the Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, furnishes a curious specimen of his orthography. It is dated “*Jully* 4th, 1685;” and begins thus—“I have *recived* your lordship’s kind letter, and *doe ashure* you that you *waire* very Just to me in the opinion you had of me, for nobody living can have *bene* more *obsarvant* *then* I have *bene* to my Lord *feavarsham* ever since I have *bene* with him, in *soe* much that he did tell me that he would *writt* to the King, to *lett* him know how diligent I was,—and I should be *glade* if you could know whether he has done me that Justice.”

But to compensate for the deficiencies of education, nature had endowed young Churchill with extraordinary personal attractions ; and having at an early age been appointed page to the first Duchess of York, and ensign in the Guards, these attractions soon opened to him the way to preferment.

“The graces,” says Chesterfield,* “protected and promoted him ; for while he was an ensign of the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles II., struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds, with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather Halifax, which was the foundation of his future fortune. His figure was beautiful, but his manner was irresistible

* Letters to his Son. Letter 136.

by either man or woman.” It was said of him, indeed, that he refused more gracefully than other people could grant, and that those even to whom he denied favours, were so charmed by his flattering manner, that they retired from his presence without feeling disappointment. To these advantages, he added a coolness and self-possession which no circumstances could disturb; and however he might be provoked, his countenance never lost the singular mildness of its expression. As a drawback to so much excellence, however, he had a disagreeable voice, which Pope is said to have ridiculed in an unpublished poem, making him

“ In accents of a whining ghost
—— lament the son he lost.”

His ruling passion was avarice; and he is spoken of by Swift, in one of his letters to

Stella, as being as "covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it." Lord Bollingbroke unwillingly admits his avarice, but adds, that "he was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that vice."

Churchill's first military service was at Tangier, where he served as a volunteer, though holding a commission in the Guards; and having distinguished himself for his skill and courage, he was appointed captain in Monmouth's regiment of Grenadiers, and in 1672, when the Duke was despatched with six thousand men to assist Louis XIV. against the Dutch, Churchill obtained permission to accompany him. He remained with the Duke throughout the campaign, and behaved with such gallantry at the sieges of Maestricht and Nimeguen, that he was complimented on his conduct by the great Turenne, who mentioned him in very flattering terms to the French monarch, and

always spoke of him as "the handsome, Englishman." On his return to England, Churchill's services were rewarded with the colonelcy of Littleton's regiment, and he was appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York, and shortly afterwards, his master of the horse. From this period he became James's inseparable companion, attending him on all occasions of his being sent into exile, both to Scotland and Holland; and he was with him in the Gloucester frigate, in 1682, when that vessel was wrecked on the Yarmouth Sands. On this occasion, James gave a flattering proof of his attachment for the young soldier; for, though he was awakened in the middle of the night, yet regardless of all the terrors of the scene, his first inquiry was for Churchill, and his first care to see him safely bestowed in the only boat that was seaworthy. On the first of December, 1682, he persuaded

the King to raise his favourite to the peerage, by the title of Baron Eymouth, and soon afterwards procured him the colonelcy of the Horse Guards. It was about this period that Churchill married the beautiful Sarah Jennings, sister of La Belle Jennings, of Grammont, and afterwards celebrated as the favourite of Queen Anne.

On his accession to the throne, James seized every opportunity of conferring new favours on Churchill. After sending him as ambassador to France, to notify his accession to Louis, he created him a viscount, appointed him lord of the bed-chamber, and high-steward of the borough of St. Alban's; and in the following month sent him as major-general, under the Earl of Feversham, against his former commander, the Duke of Monmouth, and by his vigilance on the night of the battle, Churchill was mainly instrumental in obtaining the victory.

“ There is no sign of his majesty coming, you see,” said the Earl of Feversham. “ I will wait another hour, and if he is not here by that time, I shall march towards the enemy.”

“ I defer to your lordship’s arrangements, but, I confess, I am still of opinion that we should await the enemy here,” answered Churchill. “ It is a strong position, and covers the approach to the metropolis, and if an action ensues, our men will be fresh and vigorous, while the enemy will be wearied with his march.”

“ All this is true,” rejoined Feversham; “ but there is, as your lordship knows, a great point in making the first attack. By advancing, we shall give the soldiers more confidence, and at the same time, defeat any treachery which may be in contemplation. The rumours that have reached us call for every precaution.”

“If there were any ground for believing them,” replied Churchill; “but I have no hesitation in pledging myself for the loyalty of our officers. Prince George is equally satisfied of it; and, *à propos*, here comes his royal highness.”

Turning, Feversham perceived the prince, and he and Churchill advanced to salute him.

Prince George, youngest son of Frederick III., King of Denmark, was born at Copenhagen on the 21st of April, 1653, and had attained his thirtieth year when he became the husband of the Princess Anne. He had previously travelled through France, Germany and Italy, and as a soldier, had gained great reputation for personal courage, having distinguished himself in a signal manner at the celebrated battle of Landen, where his brother, Charles V., was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when Prince George, perceiving

his situation, rushed into the enemy's ranks, and rescued the monarch with his own hand. He arrived in England on the 16th of July, 1683, to solemnize his nuptials with the Princess Anne; and Evelyn, who saw him the day after his arrival, says, "He had the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words; spoke French but ill." Macky describes him as "very fat; loves news, his bottle, and his wife;" and it may be added that the prince was not only partial to wine, but was also given to dram-drinking. His temper was mild and gentle in the extreme, but his capacity was small; and the kindness of his heart frequently made him the dupe of designing persons, when he thought he was acting with perfect rectitude.

"We were talking of these slanderous rumours, sir," said Churchill, as the prince came up; "and I was assuring Lord

Feversham, that the enemy reported what they wished rather than what they believed."

"Just so," replied Prince George, drawing forth a massive gold snuff-box, and taking a heavy toll from its contents. "There is no reason to doubt any of the officers. But see! yonder comes his majesty at last."

A cloud of dust rising on the road at some distance proclaimed the royal approach. Turning to the pavilion, Feversham called his aide-de-camp, and gave him some instructions, and in a moment more trumpets were heard in every direction, ringing forth the stirring summons of "Turn out the whole army—turn out the whole army!"

The whole army, horse and foot, accordingly turned out and mustered on parade, where they were drawn up to receive the

King. Scarcely was the manœuvre effected when James entered the camp, accompanied by Moor and his personal attendants, and followed by a guard of honour. He was received by the artillery with a royal salute, while the band of the Guards struck up the national anthem, and the whole army presented arms.

Riding on to the parade, James was met by Feversham and his staff, and he complimented the general on the fine appearance of the army. But though he felt cheered by the imposing aspect of the troops, the King still doubted the fidelity of the officers, and he informed Feversham of the intelligence he had received from Moor.

“I have heard a like rumour, my liege,” replied Feversham, “but I believe it to be erroneous.”

“I will speak to the principal officers

on the subject," rejoined James; "let them be called."

Accordingly, the word was passed for all field-officers to step to the front. As they ranged themselves in a line, James informed them in a few words of the report that had reached him, adding that he disbelieved it, and to shew his entire confidence in them, he had come to place his crown and his cause in their keeping.

"Your majesty will have no reason to repent your confidence," cried Lord Churchill. "We are all devoted to you."

"I shall rejoice to fall in your service, my liege," cried Colonel Trelawney. "My life will be a poor return for the favours you have conferred on me."

"Your majesty has conferred a new favour on us in discrediting this slander," observed Colonel Kirke, "but if I catch any of these Orange pips, I'll sow them in a soil

from which they shall never rise till the Day of Judgment."

Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, and other leading officers, expressed themselves in a similar manner, and the whole body solemnly pledged themselves to stand or fall with the King. James then dismissed them, and they returned to the ranks, while the monarch passed down the front of the line and inspected each regiment in succession. As he approached the centre of the line, Moor, who had absented himself for a few minutes, rode up, followed by a couple of horsemen.

"Two messengers to your majesty," cried the young man. "Lord Danby, who was reported to have joined the enemy, has sent to say that he has raised Yorkshire in your behalf, and another messenger brings word that the traitor, Love-

lace, and seventy horsemen, have been attacked and captured at Cirencester, by the militia."

James uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and the news passing quickly along the line, the whole army burst into a simultaneous huzza. As the cheers subsided, Lord Feversham approached the King.

"Now, my liege, let us advance," he said, "and victory is assured us."

"Not to-day," answered James. "Churchill recommends our staying here, and I cannot decide in a moment. We will talk of it to-morrow." And, turning to Moor, he added, "Now for Salisbury. We will fix our quarters to-night at the bishop's palace."

With this he led the way to the road, followed by Moor and his guards, and galloped off in the direction of the ancient city of

the plain. At the same time Feversham dismissed the troops, and they retired to their tents, talking over the events of the morning.

X.

THE MEETING AT STONEHENGE.

THE night was somewhat advanced before Moor was released from his attendance on the King, but late as it was, he determined to return to the camp, in order to satisfy himself, from his own observation, of the good disposition of the army. It was very dark, and the road was extremely lonely—all communication between the camp and city being prohibited after sunset; but at length the moon rising, Moor discovered

that he had strayed from the direct route, and, at the same time, perceived, at a little distance, the gigantic outlines of Stonehenge.

Lofty barrows ran in lines round a level plain, called the *Cursus*, which tradition asserts was used as a race-course by the ancient Britons; and in the centre of the area was a circular ditch, enclosing a mound of earth, about fifteen feet high, and within the mound rose the mysterious pile which many suppose to be of antediluvian origin.

Unable to resist the temptation to explore the wondrous relic of a forgotten faith, Moor dismounted, and tying his horse to a thorn, proceeded along a sort of causeway, supposed to have been the original avenue to the interior of the inclosure. This embraced a circumference of about 300 feet, the centre of which had originally been

occupied by three distinct circles of upright stones, one circle within the other. These upright stones were about five feet apart: they were fourteen feet high, and nearly eight in thickness, and each supported an horizontal stone, running from one to the other. Within the third circle was an enormous flat stone, lying prostrate, supposed to be a Druidical altar.

Only the front part of the outer circle, forming a sort of crescent, was now perfect, but many of the stones of the other circles were standing, while the remainder lay around in disorder—some leaning against other stones, some partly sunk in the earth and others lying flat on the ground.

As Moor surveyed the mystic pile, rendered more solemn and striking by the darkness, which was revealed, rather than broken, by the partially obscured moon, he could not repress an indefinable feeling of

superstitious awe, but the impression was quickly effaced by the approach of footsteps, and mechanically drawing back behind one of the huge stones, he saw, without being himself observed, two men enter the temple.

“We are late,” said the foremost, “but they have not been here, or they would have waited till we came. They may miss the road in the darkness.”

“There ’s some one comin’ now,” answered his companion. “Stand back a little, my lord.”

As they drew into the shadow of one of the stones, two other men, muffled in long cloaks, made their appearance.

“Orange!” cried the foremost of the the new comers.

“Nassau,” answered a voice; and the two men who had first arrived stepped forward.

“Ha! Lord Mauvesin!” returned his challenger. “We have kept you waiting, I fear. I have brought Lord Churchill to see you.”

“Colonel Trelawney tells me you are the commissioned agent of the Prince of Orange, my lord,” said Churchill. “I am anxious to offer my best services to his highness.”

Before Mauvesin could reply other footsteps were heard, and the next moment Colonels Kirke and Colepepper, and the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, entered the temple. Giving the password of “Orange,” and being answered with the countersign, they stepped forward.

“We are all here now, except Cornbury,” said Mauvesin, “and I saw him in Salisbury this morning. My instructions can be told in a word; the Prince wishes to get the tyrant out of the way.”

“It is natural that he should do so, but it will not be of easy accomplishment,” observed Kirke. “The common soldiers are faithful to a man, and the King will never be persuaded to abandon them.”

“There is a shorter way of settling the business,” said Grafton, significantly.

There was a pause. His auditors, as well as the speaker himself, owed almost everything to the King’s bounty, and the dark suggestion filled most of them with horror.

“No, no,” cried Churchill. “We will carry him off. I have sounded my regiment, and can depend on its fidelity, and I shall seize an early opportunity of taking the King to the outposts, whence he can easily be removed to the Prince’s camp.”

This proposition was more agreeable to the confederates, and after a short debate, it was acceded to. They then conversed for some time on the position of the army,

and it was decided at last that whatever happened, they should at least prevent the King from advancing further, as he would otherwise block up William in the peninsula formed by the Bristol and English Channels—a measure which would be fatal to his enterprise.

These schemes resolved on, the conspirators took their departure, and Moor was again the only inmate of Stonehenge.

After waiting some time, and finding all quiet, he ventured from his hiding-place, and passed out. There was no one in sight, and hurrying on, he soon reached the spot where he had left his horse, which he instantly mounted, and spurring on to the road, shaped his course for Salisbury.

On his arrival at the city, he answered the challenge of the sentinel with the password, which procured him instant admission, and riding on, he speedily reached

the bishop's palace. The King had retired, and would not be disturbed, and he was, therefore, obliged to defer communicating with him till the next day.

XI.

THE RIDE TO THE OUTPOSTS.

THE morning had scarcely dawned when Moor was again in attendance at the King's bed-chamber, and after a brief interval, was introduced by the gentleman in waiting to the royal presence. James was in bed, but motioning the attendant from the room, he commanded Moor to advance, and stepping forward, the latter acquainted him, in a few words, with what he had overheard at Stonehenge.

The monarch heard him to an end without interruption, though the most poignant distress was pictured in his looks. Several minutes elapsed before he could control his agitation.

“This cannot be,” he said, at last, in hurried accents. “You must have dreamed it, Mr. Moor—dreamed it. I have regarded these men not as subjects, but as friends. I have fought with them, fasted with them, revelled with them. They have been my companions in adversity, my favourites in prosperity. *They* betray me ! No ! no ! depend upon it you have been dreaming, Mr. Moor.”

“Dreaming, my liege !” echoed Moor, in amazement. “I assure your majesty that the meeting took place precisely as I have described it.”

“Then you must have been mistaken as

to the men," said James. "You could not possibly see them."

"I acknowledge that I did not see their faces, my liege," began Moor.

"I knew it!" cried James, quickly. "Believe me, my young friend, the persons you have named would sooner die than desert me. But, since you are positive you were not dreaming, I will inquire about the meeting at Stonehenge. Treason must evidently be at work somewhere."

"Your majesty's confidence in these traitors fills me with alarm," cried Moor, passionately. "I implore you not to trust them, or you are lost. Confront me with them, and I will make good my words."

"I cannot," replied James, "for though I feel assured that you believe them to be the men you saw, I have no more doubt of their fidelity than of your own, and nothing short of actual proof should induce me to

insult them with suspicion. I would as soon question the dutiful devotion of my own child, the Princess Anne."

Moor felt that he could not pursue the subject further, and taking leave of the King, he withdrew. But though he had failed to awaken James to a sense of his danger, the young man could not dismiss the matter from his own mind, and after long reflection, he determined to repair to the camp, and communicate the whole affair to the Earl of Feversham.

During his absence, James arose, perused and answered his private letters, and partook of a light breakfast, when an attendant ushered in Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney.

The monarch changed colour as the two favourites entered, but disbelieving the charges brought against them, he received them with his usual kindness.

“ We have come to tell your majesty the news,” cried Churchill. “ The invader has advanced to Axminster, and will probably push on further before night, so that we may expect him here in a few days; and, as I command the outposts, I should be glad if you would inspect them.”

“ I will do so instantly,” answered James, rolling back a chart which lay on the table; “ I suppose we have pushed our posts to the end of the plain. Where is Kirke stationed?”

“ Here, my liege, at Warminster,” replied Churchill, placing his finger on the map.

“ It is about three hours’ ride, your majesty,” observed Trelawney, “ but an orderly has been sent forward to prepare for your reception.”

“ It is well,” replied James: “ let us to horse at once.”

With this, he led the way to the palace-

yard, where the two commanders had left a troop of the horse-guards, who received them with a general salute. A horse was soon provided for the King, and he was about to mount, when his foot slipped, and he would have fallen, if one of his attendants, who was close behind him, had not caught him by the arm and sustained him. The stumble seemed ominous, and James was half inclined to turn back, but growing ashamed of his hesitation, he mounted his horse, and the whole party rode off.

James did not address a word to the two favourites till they reached the plain, when the fresh bracing air seemed to revive him, and he talked with them very earnestly on the posture of affairs, and the temper and condition of the army. As they proceeded, the road gradually became more and more lonely, but they could still discern both the city and the camp occasionally, though they

were sometimes screened from view by enormous burrows, or by the natural irregularities of the ground. As they proceeded, Trelawney became restless, and frequently glanced anxiously around, but Churchill was calm and collected, and although the King had again become moody, left nothing untried to gain his attention, at the same time keeping the whole party at a gallop. After they had been riding thus for some time, however, James suddenly reined his horse.

“We must halt a while,” he said: “I feel ill.”

“You alarm me, my liege,” replied Churchill, “but you can procure no aid here. With your leave we will push on.”

“We have but a few miles to go, your majesty,” cried Trelawney, “and you will then have every attendance. We will get on as fast as possible.”

As he waited a reply, the King placed a handkerchief to his face, which was instantly dyed with blood. Trelawney and Churchill sprang to the ground, and helped him to alight, when Churchill supported him in his arms.

James felt very faint, and all that Moor had told him respecting Churchill and Trelawney came forcibly to his mind, for the first time exciting his suspicions. As he saw himself completely in their power, he even dreaded that they might avail themselves of his insensibility to take his life. At this moment, he heard them exchange a hurried whisper; his sight began to fail; the figures of the soldiers seemed to whirl round and round, when all at once he caught the sound of a trumpet, followed by the tramp of a horse. The excitement had a favourable effect. The bleeding ceased, and his senses were fast returning, when a

troop of cavalry galloped up, headed by two officers, whose horses were covered with foam, and one of whom sprang at once to the ground, and hurried forward to the King. It was Charles Moor, and his companion was the Earl of Feversham.

James extended his hand to the former, who raised it to his lips.

“I am glad we have overtaken you, my liege,” said Moor. “The general heard you had gone to the outposts, and he thought it better we should follow you.”

James pressed his hand, but made no reply.

“I suppose your majesty will not think of going on now?” said the Earl of Feversham.

“What, if Lord Churchill and I go on to Warminster, my lord?” said Trelawney, anxiously—for the appearance of Moor and Feversham excited his suspicions. “The

outposts ought to be inspected without delay."

"Of course, of course," said Feversham, sharply; "but we may want both you and his lordship elsewhere. Fall in with your men. I will give you your orders presently."

The two commanders replied with a salute, and turning to their horses, were quickly in the saddle. Though suffering from weakness, James determined to return to Salisbury on horseback, and, accordingly, leaving the command to Feversham, he rode back slowly, closely attended on the right by Moor, and followed by the whole party, and in this order they reached the city.

XII.

EST-IL POSSIBLE.

WORN out in body and mind, and harassed by a thousand anxieties, James was in great need of repose ; but scarcely had he entered the episcopal palace, when a courier presented himself, bringing intelligence of an advantage having been gained by a small body of the royal troops over a superior force of the enemy, at Wincanton, in Somersetshire ; and it was determined to hold a council of war to consult on what was to be done.

Messengers were accordingly despatched to the principal officers of the army, requiring their immediate attendance; and, in the interim, James held a private conference with the Earl of Feversham.

“I have ordered Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney to remain in attendance, my liege,” said Feversham, “because Mr. Moor has confided to me the communication he made to you, and I fear it is but too true. Under any circumstances, it will only be a proper precaution to place them under arrest. Supposing them guilty, depend upon it they are not the only disaffected officers, and the arrest of two such distinguished ones would strike terror into the others.”

“I see all the advantage of it,” answered James; “but if they are innocent—as I desire to believe them—I should never forgive myself for such a step. Let us, at

least, wait till we discover some corroborative evidence of their guilt."

While they were thus talking, they were joined by Barillon, who had just arrived from London, and, becoming acquainted with the subject of their conversation, he strongly supported the advice of Feversham. But the longer they argued, the more obstinately James adhered to his resolution, and, at last, they gave up the point in despair.

The gentleman-in-waiting now entered, announcing that the leading members of the council had arrived, and James passed into another chamber, accompanied by Feversham and Barillon. Here they found Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, and Lord Churchill, together with Colonels Trelawney, Berkeley, Lewson, and Maine. After looking round, the King inquired for his nephew, Lord Corbury, the commandant of Salisbury; and was informed

that the messenger despatched for his lordship had not yet returned. But while he was talking apart with Barillon, the messenger arrived, introducing the assistant-commandant, Major Nunn; and James again inquired the reason of the nobleman's non-attendance.

“I will relate the whole affair to your majesty,” answered the major. “This morning, Lord Cornbury ordered out all the garrison, consisting of three regiments of cavalry, and marched us off towards Dorsetshire. I did not like his proceedings, and after riding some distance, I demanded to see his orders. He evaded me for the time, and during a short halt, found means to escape, with three or four common troopers, and they have gone over to the enemy.”

James uttered an exclamation of amazement. “Could my own nephew be so false,

when the common men were so true?" he added, mournfully.

"*Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George of Denmark, with an expression of horror, which he exaggerated by taking an immense pinch of snuff.

The other members of the council uttered similar exclamations, but before they could pursue the subject further, a voice was heard in the ante-chamber, and presently the door was thrown open, and a venerable-looking man, whose countenance wore the impress of the deepest sorrow, made his appearance. It was the Earl of Clarendon, the deserter's father.

Casting a distracted look round the council, the Earl hurried up to the King, and threw himself at his feet.

"Pardon! pardon, my gracious master!" he exclaimed, in mournful accents. "Do not punish the father for the offence of the child."

“Heaven forbid!” cried James, extending both his hands, and forcing him to rise. “From my heart I am sorry for you. May you derive that comfort from Heaven, which is denied you on earth.”

“Oh! my liege, your gracious words overpower me,” replied Clarendon. “What does not our house owe you! You raised my father to the highest dignities, you gave your hand to my sister, you have showered down emoluments and honours on myself and my brother. Yet my son—my only son, is the first to desert you!”

As he spoke, he covered his face in his hands.

“Be comforted, my lord!” said James, embracing him. “You have lost your son, but I will be both a son and a brother to you. Go now, and repose yourself. We will talk of it hereafter—when this wound is healed.”

A profound silence followed Clarendon's departure. At length the council began to consider how they were to act against the enemy. Maps were carefully surveyed, reports examined, and a variety of opinions expressed, but no positive course was decided on, when, after an interval of nearly an hour, a letter was handed to the King, which he opened and read. As he did so, a look of surprise spread over his face, but it was quickly succeeded by a flush of indignation, strangely mingled with disgust.

"You all heard what Lord Clarendon said about his son," he then cried. "He has now written to me to say, that all things considered, he thinks it better to follow his son's example, and, accordingly, he has himself deserted to the enemy."

"*Ah, mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! Est-il possible !*" exclaimed Prince George, with another huge pinch of snuff.

“The father and son may well go together, my liege!” cried the Earl of Feversham, with a look of ineffable disgust. “They are not worth consideration.”

“Right, my lord!” cried Churchill. “But I must pray your majesty to adjourn the council? I must positively inspect the out-posts this evening, and it grows late.”

“We must decide on our operations to-night,” answered James; “but I will not detain you and Colonel Trelawney. I shall remember your advice—namely, that we had better remain in our present position. You are at liberty to go.”

Churchill instantly arose, as did also Trelawney, and, taking leave of the King, they withdrew.

The council had been debating some time, when the door was again opened, and Moor was ushered in. Stepping forward, the young man made some communication in

an under tone to the King, which violently agitated him.

“This is indeed sad news,” said James, at length, “but I am more affected by their ingratitude than their desertion. Your fears of treachery were but too well grounded, my lord,” he added, to Feversham. “Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney have deserted to the enemy.”

“Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Est-il possible!” exclaimed Prince George, taking a pinch of snuff between each exclamation.

The other members of the council seemed to be equally astounded.

“The dastards should be pursued,” cried the Duke of Grafton. “But perhaps it is better to let them go. They will fall into our hands anon.”

“If they do, let them be tried by a drum-head court-martial, and executed on the spot,” cried Ormonde.

“They are traitors of the blackest dye,” said Colonel Berkeley. “But let me beseech your majesty not to doubt the loyalty of your other officers. For my own part, I swear to conquer or die. I will neither give nor take quarter. Is not this invasion without parallel? In the midst of profound peace, when our poor country, so long torn by faction, was enjoying all the blessings of your majesty’s benign rule, this unnatural Calvinist—this Dutch pest, plunges us into all the horrors of civil war. And does any one dare to speak of quarter? Whoever does so is your majesty’s enemy, and I denounce him as a traitor.”

“I cannot blame you, but I must insist that quarter be given,” replied James. “My wishes will be expressed in the order of the day.”

“If they command quarter to be given, I will obey them, my liege, though reluct-

antly,” returned Berkeley. “But these base and unnatural desertions have over-excited me, and I crave your permission to retire.”

James readily excused him, and Berkeley withdrew, leaving the council in full debate. Thus they continued for some time, discussing the question before them with great warmth, but without any sign of coming to a decision, when a proposition was made which required reference to Berkeley, and a messenger was sent to recall him. The messenger was absent nearly an hour, but at length returned, bringing information that the colonel had deserted to the enemy.

“*A—h! a—h! a—h!—Est-il possible!*” exclaimed Prince George, nearly stifling himself with an enormous pinch of snuff.

“It is scarcely credible!” cried the Duke of Ormonde. “To hear him talk, one would suppose him the most loyal man

in the country. I shall now doubt every one."

"I always doubt great talkers," observed the Duke of Grafton. "I thought Berkeley a traitor, but he masked his treason with furious words. But these desertions are infectious, and some steps should be taken to reassure the men. With your majesty's leave I will ride off to the camp."

"And I will accompany you, if his majesty will permit me!" cried Ormonde. "It may have a good effect on the men."

"I do not fear for the men, if the officers are faithful," observed Feversham.

"Let them go," said James, unable to disguise his uneasiness.

The two dukes accordingly withdrew. A pause ensued, but it was quickly broken by Feversham, who assured James that he might place the most implicit trust in the common soldiers. The remaining officers

corroborated this opinion, and while they were all conversing, a page entered, and presented Feversham with a letter, which, as it was marked official, he opened and read. It was from his brother, the Count de Roze, and informed him that the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde had gone over to the Prince of Orange.

“*Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! est-il possible !*” cried Prince George, nearly emptying his snuff-box in his consternation.

The King seemed stupified.

“I think, my liege, we had better adjourn our deliberations till night,” resumed Feversham. “In the meantime, I will call the officers together, and ascertain how they are disposed. We can then decide more easily what is to be done.”

“If I may venture a suggestion, I would recommend all the officers to be sworn,” said Colonel Maine. “I would

not trust my own brother after these desertions."

"Oh! swear them, by all means," said Colonel Lewson.

"Confer on this point as you ride along," replied James. "Take Moor with you, my lord, and he can bring me an account of your proceedings."

Bending deferentially, Feversham withdrew, accompanied by Lewson and Maine, who, as they retired, were heard expressing their determination to stand or die with the King. An hour afterwards, Moor entered the room, bringing intelligence that the two colonels had deserted Feversham on the road, and fled to the enemy's camp.

"*A—h! a—h! Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George, clearing out his snuff-box and shutting it in despair.

James was silent, and sank into a reverie, in which he remained for some time,

but arousing himself at last, he looked up, and to his surprise, found he was alone. A strange suspicion flashed across his mind, and summoning an usher, he sent him in search of Moor. The young man speedily made his appearance, wearing a sad, but resolute look.

“Where is the Prince of Denmark?” asked James.

“I have but this moment heard of his departure, my liege,” replied Moor. “I grieve to say that he has deserted to the enemy.”

“What, *Est-il possible* gone, too!” cried James, with a bitter smile. “Well, well, I can spare him better than a good trooper. Why he has left his snuff-box behind him—empty too, pah!”

XIII.

THE RETREAT.

It was night. James was again seated at the council-board, and around him were assembled Feversham, Barillon, the Count de Roye, and Lords Dumbarton and Melfort, debating gravely, but earnestly, the important question of the future operations of the army.

“The enemy has now advanced too far to be blocked in the peninsula of the southwestern counties,” observed Feversham,

“and our present position is by no means strong. I therefore counsel a retreat.”

“Then we must cross the Thames,” said Dumbarton. “That will enable us to cover London.”

“Why not march against the enemy, and strike a blow at once?” said James.

“It is now too late, my liege,” said Ferversham. “The enemy has the country open before him, and he will not venture a battle. Our safest course is, to place the Thames between us, and protect the capital.”

“I have received certain information that the Prince of Orange will decline a battle,” said Barillon.

“Then we have no alternative but to retreat,” said James. “Send off messengers to call in the outposts, and when they return, we will retire in order beyond the Thames. In the meantime,

let our intention be kept a profound secret."

So saying, he arose, and dismissing the council, withdrew to take some repose.

It was a dark night, and the camp was as still as a churchyard, except for the occasional voice of a sentinel, pronouncing "All 's well." Suddenly a trumpet was heard sounding a retreat; in another part the rolling drum and shrill fife called the host to arms, and in a moment all was noise and confusion.

Soldiers were now seen scrambling from the tents; officers running about; others riding to and fro; troopers leading forth their horses; squadrons assembling; battalions forming in line; women rushing out half-dressed; pioneers striking the tents; the baggage-train attaching horses to the waggons; artillerymen, headed by their officers, dragging forth the cannon; while the

clang of trumpets, the roll of drums, and the shrill whistle of the "ear-piercing fife," together with the shouts of the officers, the cries of women, and the voices of the soldiers answering to the muster-rolls, resounded on every side.

In a short time some of the infantry regiments were in motion. The remainder quickly followed, marching by various routes towards Maidenhead, Windsor, Egham, and Chertsey, where they were to be distributed, while the rear was covered by the cavalry.

Unable from weakness to mount on horseback, James pursued his way, in one of the heavy carriages of the period, drawn by six horses. About a dozen dragoons accompanied the vehicle, which proceeded at a rapid pace, and soon left the army behind.

After an interval of about an hour it was

overtaken by a strong force of dragoons, the commander of which ordered the party in attendance to fall to the rear, and as they did so, he completely surrounded the carriage. He was then observed giving some directions to the postilions, and soon afterwards the carriage turned into a by-road, and drove along as before.

The commander of the new party now fell back a few paces, and was joined by two other horsemen, who, though muffled in their cloaks, appeared to be civilians.

“We have him now,” he said. “In an hour we shall place him in the prince’s hands.”

While this was passing the officer in charge of the first party of dragoons, had fallen back from his men, and turning round, rode off unperceived in the opposite direction. After riding some distance, he was

encountered by a strong force of troopers coming along very leisurely, and spurring up to their commander, he exchanged a few words with him in a low tone. The commander then ordered a halt, and calling forward a sturdy yeoman, who acted as a guide, they held a brief and rapid discourse together, when he gave the word to resume their march at a quick pace.

Meanwhile, the King's captors urged the postilions to make every exertion; but it was soon found that the unwieldy vehicle could not be moved along cross-roads with the same facility as on the highway. Their progress was slow, and it was feared that the constant jolting of the carriage would alarm the King, and lead to a premature discovery. Nor was this apprehension groundless. At first James bore the jolting of the vehicle in silence, but after a time, finding that it continued, he turned

to Moor, the only other inmate of the coach, and expressed his surprise that the road should be so bad.

As he was about to look forth from the window, sounds of confusion were heard without, and before he could discover the occasion of them the carriage was suddenly stopped. The next moment the door was opened, and Snewin presented himself, while Mauvesin and the Duke of Grafton were seen behind. Snewin had a pistol in his hand, but before he could raise it Moor wrested it from his trembling grasp (for unscrupulous as he was, the ruffian was alarmed at his position), and in the scuffle it went off, and lodged its contents in the roof of the coach.

Meanwhile, Grafton and Mauvesin were both springing on Moor, when several shots were fired, and at the same time their force was attacked both in front and rear. The

darkness increased the confusion, and in a moment the two contending parties were mingled together, in strange disorder. Moor had thrown Snewin to the ground, but as he sprang back into the carriage in order to protect the King, the constable picked himself up and escaped, while Grafton and Mauvesin flew to their horses, under a volley from the royal party, and as they turned Moor saw one of them swerve in his saddle. But his companion kept him from falling, and calling his men around him bore him off, pursued for some distance by the King's dragoons.

All this had passed with such rapidity, that James had scarcely recovered from the first surprise when he found himself in safety. At this moment the Count de Roye, who was the leader of his deliverers, appeared at the carriage-door.

“I congratulate your majesty on your

escape," he said. "I shall not leave you till I see you in safety."

"Be it so, Count," replied James. "Mr. Moor tells me the traitors have escaped. Did you know any of them?"

"No, my liege," replied the Count. "Mr. Moor had the best opportunity of recognising them, for I saw one of them struggling with him."

"Yes, it was a ruffian named Snewin," cried Moor, "and his companions were Lords Mauvesin and Grafton. But where are our postilions? Ha! the knaves were no doubt in league with them, and have decamped. You must lend his majesty three of your troopers' horses, Count."

The advice was acted upon, and in a short time the carriage was again on its way, and arrived in London without further interruption.

A messenger had been despatched in ad-

vance to announce the King's approach, and though it was scarcely daylight when the royal carriage reached Whitehall, the whole household was astir. Alighting, James entered the palace, followed by Moor, and, passing up the grand staircase, was met by Mary, who, informed of his approach, had hurried unattended to welcome him.

The meeting of the royal pair was affecting in the extreme. They said but little, but their looks spoke more plainly than words the anguish they endured. Passing into a neighbouring gallery they were met by the Count de Lauzun and Sabine, and James, taking Lauzun by the arm, walked slowly on with him, while Sabine lingered behind, and was joined by Moor.

"I am afraid all is lost for the King," she said, after they had exchanged a few words.

“Not if he would venture a battle,” answered Moor. “In that case he would be the victor; for his army is superior to the enemy’s, and the common men, and the greater part of the officers, are faithful.”

“Why do you not tell him this?” returned Sabine. “He would surely listen to the counsel of one who has shewn such devotion to him.”

“You are mistaken,” answered Moor. “To all the representations made him on the subject, his answer is that he cannot rely on the soldiers. Depend upon it, he will not risk a battle. But do not be alarmed. I trust there is no immediate danger.”

Such was not the opinion of the King; and as he walked forward with Mary and Lauzun, he made them acquainted with his sentiments.

“My despatches have informed you of the desertions, and of the disaffected state of the army,” he said. “There remains only one course for me to adopt, which is, to place the Queen and Prince of Wales in safety, and then either treat with the Prince of Orange, or strike one blow for it.”

“Your majesty says well,” replied Lauzun. “But I would strike the blow first, and treat afterwards.”

“Whatever is done, I will not leave my husband!” cried Mary.

“It must be,” said James. “I will shew you the necessity of it. But where is Father Petre?”

“He has gone,” answered Mary, hesitatingly.

“Gone!” echoed James.

“He craved my permission to retire to France, and I could not refuse him,” re-

turned Mary. "He said it would be for your majesty's advantage, and his life was certainly in danger here—the mob were so violent."

"It may be better that he is gone," said James. "But what is this you say about the violence of the mob? I thought the people were with us."

"Ha, my liege!" said Mary, mournfully; "the mob change with every current. Your enemies have been among them, and have made them believe that if you win a victory, it is your intention to have a general slaughter of the Protestants. This has infuriated them against you; and they would, no doubt, have attacked the palace, if Lord Craven had not come to our assistance, with a strong force of the guards."

"You amaze me," cried James; "but does not this shew you how expedient it is

that you should leave the country? Let me see you and our son in safety, and I shall be able to act with more decision."

"I will remain and share your dangers," answered Mary. "Were anything to happen to you, and I were absent, I should never know peace again."

"I am but too sensible of your affection," returned James, tenderly; "and never could I prize it higher than now, when those whom I have most loved are the first to desert me. But I conjure you, by your love for me, and for our son, not to increase my embarrassment by remaining here. It is now in my power to protect your flight, but such will not be the case long."

"Let me add my persuasions to those of his majesty, gracious madam," urged Lauzun. "Should you or the Prince of

Wales fall into the hands of the Prince of Orange, our cause is for ever lost."

"I will go then," faltered Mary, "but on condition that your majesty promises to follow me within twenty-four hours. No other consideration shall induce me to leave you."

James mused a moment, evidently in deep perplexity.

"I promise you, then, that unless things take a more favourable turn, I will follow you in that time," he said. "My brother Louis will afford us an asylum, and something tells me we shall soon be called back by our people. We must now make immediate arrangements for your journey. I will myself notify it to the Princess Anne, and she will accompany you."

"Alas, my dear liege!" exclaimed Mary, tears gathering in her eyes, "you must now suffer a new sorrow—the greatest a parent

can know. The Princess Anne has clandestinely left the palace, in company with Lady Churchill, and gone over to the enemy."

The King heard her in silence, but a deadly paleness spread over his face, and he looked as if he would fall to the ground. He was supported, however, by the Count de Lauzun, and in a moment or two his emotion, though far from disappearing, became less violent.

"Have they taken away my child—my darling Anne?" he cried. "Has she, too, forsaken me? Oh, God! this is too much!" and he added the ejaculation of the Psalmist—"Oh! if my enemies had only cursed me, I could have borne it!"

There was something so touching in this burst of grief, that both Mary and Lauzun were too much affected to offer the King consolation, and they were all silent for

several minutes. Suddenly, however, James seemed to arouse himself, and seized Mary by the hand.

“Come,” he said, wildly ; “let us be gone. We will leave this unnatural land, where subjects betray their King, and children desert their parents. I will go out, in my old age, on the wide world, and find another home.”

“We will go together,” said Mary, with eagerness. “Only death shall part us.”

“Stay, my liege, I implore you!” cried Lauzun. “Do not throw away the slightest chance of recovering your rights. Remain here at least the time proposed by her majesty, and make sure that everything is really lost. Meanwhile, I will escort her majesty to a place of safety.”

“Be it so, then!” cried James. “I have yet a son left, who is too young to be perfidious. Were it not so, I could now lie

down, and pray God that my sorrows and my life might end."

"I will not add to your distress, by opposing your wishes," said Mary, "sad as it is to leave you. But I will instantly prepare for flight."

With this she turned away, leaving the King still leaning on Lauzun's arm. There was a pause.

"You said, count, you would escort her majesty to France," said James, at length. "I need not say how glad I should be if you render me this service; but, if I remember right, when you first came to this country, you were forbidden, on pain of death, to return to your own."

"True, my liege, but my sovereign will not punish me for my devotion to your majesty," answered Lauzun. "But if I even thought otherwise, I should not hesitate to fulfill your wishes."

“Louis will not punish you,” said James, quickly. “Should you incur his displeasure, I will excuse you to him. But promise me—swear to me, that you will not leave the Queen till she is safe in France.”

“I do swear, sire, by everything I hold sacred!” cried Lauzun, solemnly.

“I should not have asked your oath, Count,” answered James, pressing his hand. “The bare word of the Count de Lauzun is the best of bonds. But I am low and sorrowful; and when my own child deserts me, how can I look for faith in strangers! But enough. Nothing can make me doubt you.”

“Your majesty shall never have cause to do so,” said Lauzun. “But time presses. With your majesty’s leave, we will prepare for the Queen’s departure.”

James assented, and turning round, they joined Moor, who was still in waiting, and passed out of the gallery.

BOOK THE FIFTH.



THE ROYAL FUGITIVES.

I.

THE CAMP OF THE INVADER.

FLANKED on one side by a sweep of the river Ax, the camp of the Prince of Orange extended, on the other, over an area of about four miles, to the small town of Axminster, in Devonshire.

In the centre of the town, near the ancient minster, was a massive stone building, usually appropriated to the clergy, but now surrounded by sentries, and occupied by the Prince of Orange, who was seated with

Sidney, Schomberg, and Bentinck in one of the upper rooms.

They had been conferring together some time, when an aide-de-camp appeared, ushering in Lord Cornbury.

"Lord Cornbury!" echoed William, staring at the new comer in surprise.

"Yes, your highness," replied Cornbury, much abashed. "I have come to offer you my services. You are, no doubt, surprised that I do so, but the private considerations which bind me to King James cannot divert me from my public duty. I owe this sacrifice to my country and my religion."

"You say well, my lord," returned William, coldly. "You will remain in the camp till further orders. When I have any commands for you, I will send for you."

Upon this, the nobleman withdrew, much mortified at his cool reception; and William

and his counsellors resumed their conversation. Bentinck said little, but Sidney and Schomberg seemed shocked at the perfidy of Cornbury, and though their discourse referred to other subjects, William alluded to it repeatedly, exclaiming, at last, after a long pause,—

“Perfidious traitor! I should as soon have expected to see his father.”

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the aide-de-camp ushered in the Earl of Clarendon. Sidney and Schomberg exchanged glances: a cloud passed over William’s face, but instantly disappeared, and Clarendon hurried forward, and threw himself at the Prince’s feet.

“Welcome to England, mighty sir!” he cried. “Our laws, our liberty, and our religion are now preserved.”

“Their preservation is not yet secured, my lord,” answered William, with freezing

stiffness. "It will depend on a total change of persons. You apprehend me? Ha!"

"Assuredly, *your majesty*," replied Clarendon.

As he spoke, he gazed in the Prince's face, but there was nothing to indicate that William heeded the title by which he had been addressed.

"We will talk of this another time," said the Prince. "Meanwhile you will be assigned a lodging in the camp."

Scarcely believing that he could be dismissed so abruptly, Clarendon was about to speak again, but William waved his hand, and turned with a smile to Schomberg. Burning with shame and mortification, the nobleman retired, and as he quitted the room, heard William say, in an indignant tone,—

"What monstrous ingratitude! But we

can despise the traitor, while we profit by his treason."

"It were well your highness disguised your sentiments awhile," urged Bentinck, "or you may drive them back to the enemy."

"Not in this instance," answered William. "This worthy pair have crossed the Rubicon, and cannot return. But what news from Speke?"

"This despatch is from London," replied Sidney, "and represents the city to be in a state of ferment, owing to the discovery of a popish manifesto, in which the King engages, in the event of being the victor, to have a general massacre of the Protestants."

"The manifesto is Speke's own handiwork," cried Schomberg, angrily.

"Speke is over-zealous, no doubt!" said William; "but I can hardly believe he would go the length of forging a manifesto."

You must be mistaken, Schomberg. But let me hear the despatch."

Before the letter could be read, the aide-camp again made his appearance, ushering in Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney.

The surprise of William and his counsellors was so great, that at first they seemed undecided what to say; but the easy manners and perfect self-possession of Churchill, soon dispelled their embarrassment.

"I have come to offer your highness my sword," said Churchill, laying the weapon at William's feet. "I cannot raise it against the defender of the religion and liberties of my country."

"Yet he is willing to draw it against his benefactor," whispered Schomberg to Sidney.

"I will find a place in my camp for you,

my lord," said William, with strained courtesy. "Take up your sword, I pray of you. I am so unprepared for your offer, that you must forgive me if I take time to consider it."

"I will await your highness's pleasure," answered Churchill, indifferently. "I have little fear that my sword will rust in the scabbard."

"This is the first lieutenant-general I ever knew who deserted his colours," said Schomberg, loud enough to be heard by Churchill.

Despite these mortifying rebuffs, Churchill's countenance retained its look of composure, and without noticing Schomberg's remark he withdrew, followed by Trelawney, whom the Prince did not even notice.

When they had retired, Sidney expressed his regret that they had been received so coldly.

"If the course is persisted in, your highness will be deprived of your ablest supporters," he said.

"I do not call every one who comes over to my standard, a traitor," replied William, "but I *do* call those traitors who, owing everything to their King, are the first to desert him."

"Your highness is in the right," cried Schomberg; "and so much do I distrust these men, that I would place a guard over them."

"A despatch, your highness," said an orderly, advancing.

"What is this?" cried William, breaking open the letter, and glancing over its contents. "It is from Lord Mauvesin," he added, after he had perused it, "and he asserts that the enemy is on the point of retreating."

"Let us advance, then, and decide his fate by a battle," cried Bentinck.

“We are not in a position to come to an engagement,” said William; “but we will press close on his rear. Give the order to advance at once.”

His commands were obeyed, and in a short time, large bodies of infantry were seen mustering in the camp, while squadrons of cavalry poured in from the various cantonments, and quickly assembled on parade. After a hasty inspection, they were told off in marching order, and amidst martial music, and the cheering vociferations of the soldiers, moved off in the direction of Salisbury Plain.

At this moment a dragoon spurred up to William, who was riding at the head of the army, in company with Schomberg and Sidney, and presented him with a sealed packet.

“This brings information,” cried William, after glancing at the contents of the

packet, "that the King is about to send away the Queen and the Prince. This must be prevented. He himself may go, but they must be secured, or all our labour will be thrown away. Find a trusty fellow, Sidney, and let him ride forward with the utmost speed. If he wastes no time on the road, he will be in London as soon as the King." And turning to Schomberg, he added, "Marshal, send off a despatch to Admiral Herbert, and bid him scour the channel with the whole fleet, in case the fugitives should get out to sea."

Replying with a military salute, the two officers turned their horses, and galloped off towards the rear.

II.

THE SIEGE OF NEWGATE.

THE return of the King to Whitehall, and the more significant fact that his army was in full retreat, soon became known throughout the metropolis, and, at an early hour in the morning, immense multitudes gathered in the streets, and blocked up every avenue to the palace. The almost total absence of women and children gave this concourse a very formidable appearance. It seemed that some great collision was anticipated,

and the comparatively small number of respectable persons who were mingled with the mob, more as observers than abettors, looked grave and anxious.

The great mass, however, were clamorous and violent, and their disposition could easily be inferred from various flaring banners, bearing such inflammatory inscriptions as "No Popery!" "Remember Bartholomew's Eve!" "Who assassinated Sir Edmondbury Godfrey?" "Who murdered the Earl of Essex?" "Down with the Priests, and the Pope!" which were displayed on every side.

Party watch-cries were banded about incessantly, amidst terrific yells and hootings; the sentinels round the palace were urged to come forth and join the mob, and, on their making no answer, were saluted with jeers and groans, while a large section of the multitude chorused forth the ballad of

“Lillibullero,” amidst the acclamations of the remainder.

In this manner the greater part of the day passed by, but, as the afternoon wore on, the mob, whether from indifference, or fatigue, became more temperate, and though yells and outcries continued to be raised occasionally, they gradually became less frequent.

At this juncture a horseman, followed by a mounted attendant, approached from Parliament-street, and endeavoured to make his way towards Charing-cross. Scarcely had he penetrated the mob, however, when he was recognised, and loud cries arose of “A Nottingham! a Nottingham! God save your lordship!”

At first Lord Nottingham took no notice of these acclamations, but rode along in silence, wearing a stern, though melancholy look, and casting down his eyes; but, after

a time, as the cheers grew louder and louder, and the people pressed closer round him, waving their banners, flinging up their caps, and invoking blessings on his head, he turned his face to them, and it was instantly seen that he was in tears. Suddenly the vast assemblage became hushed ; there was a profound silence for a moment, when a deafening shout arose of “ God save you, Nottingham ! ”

Nottingham waved his hand.

“ Home ! home, my good people ! ” he cried.

There was a confused murmur ; but it soon subsided, and as Nottingham rode forward, the mob followed him, to the great chagrin of the principal ringleaders. As they approached Charing-cross, two persons broke away from the mass, and gliding into Scotland-yard and round the Adelphi, passed up the Strand to Fleet-street, where

they halted, and, after conferring together for a few moments, they separated, one of them proceeding towards Ludgate-hill, and the other diving into Whitefriars.

This locality was then inhabited by a dense and heterogeneous population, comprehending thieves of every degree, with a strong mixture of gamesters, smugglers, runaway debtors, and sharpers of all shades and grades, who here formed a community of themselves, following their various pursuits in security, and whenever invaded by the authorities, banding together in self-defence. They were governed by laws of their own, to which the strictest obedience was enforced by an officer chosen by themselves, bearing the title of Duke of Alsatia, but who had formerly borne the less sounding appellation of Kit Clench.

Hurrying down a long narrow street, the person before noticed made his way to a

low public-house, bearing the significant sign of "The Jolly Cutpurses," and, without heeding certain suspicious-looking characters who were loitering about the door, entered, and stepping up to the bar, exchanged a few words in a low tone with a very showily-dressed damsel, who was in attendance within. This done, the girl admitted him to the interior, and pointing to a door behind her, through which voices were heard laughing and singing, the stranger opened it, and passing in, found himself in a small room, redolent with tobacco-smoke, and the fumes of spirituous compounds, in which were seated four persons, one of whom was asleep, while two others were playing at dice, and a fourth was engaged in discussing a can of ale and a pipe.

It was to this last—who, indeed, was no other than the redoubtable Kit Clench, the

Duke of Alsatia, that the stranger addressed himself.

“ You have offered me your aid,” he said. “ The sum you demand shall be yours, but you must set to work at once, or there will be a general massacre of the Protestants.”

“ That cock won’t fight with me, Muster Speke,” answered Clench, with a wink. “ But that ’s neither here nor there. Tip us the cash, and I ’ll be as good as my word.”

“ It is here,” replied Speke, producing a heavy purse filled with gold. “ Do your work effectually, and I will double it.”

“ Humph ! ” returned Kit. “ What ’s to be done ? ”

“ Why, we must raise a little excitement, or the people will lose their courage,” answered Speke. “ First it will be better to break into Newgate, and then burn down the Popish mass-houses.”

“All shall be done and no questions axed,” rejoined Kit. “You wait here a bit.”

With this he turned to the two gamesters, who, from the moment that Speke produced the purse, had watched their conference with intense interest, but had been unable to overhear what passed, and motioned them from the room. The two ruffians muttered something to each other, and then, dealing a suspicious glance at Speke, arose and went forth with their leader.

Left alone with the sleeping man, whom he hardly deigned to look at, Speke became thoughtful and gloomy, though from time to time he darted an uneasy look at the door. At length a loud clamour was heard without. This was followed by the blowing of a horn, when the clamour was renewed, and Speke became sensible that a large mob had assembled in the neighbourhood, and

were being harangued by some one, who was listened to with great attention. Before he could make out more clearly what was passing, loud outcries arose, and at the same moment Kit burst into the room.

“Now, then, all Alsatia is out,” he cried. “Where ’s it to be first, Newgate or the Popish chapels?”

“Newgate, Newgate,” answered Speke. “You ’ll get fresh forces there.”

“Come along, then,” returned Kit. “We ’ll lead the way.”

With this he rushed out, followed by Speke, and hurrying through the bar, gained the street.

It was now quite dark, but pushing up the street, they came in sight of a mob consisting of between two and three hundred persons, some of whom bore torches, which, as Speke drew near, enabled him to distinguish many a stalwart ruffian, with

sturdy-looking lads and even women,—if such viragos deserved the name. Most of them were armed with bludgeons, but some carried hangers and pistols, and they were all waiting with impatience the signal to set forward. Being joined by Clench and Speke, a cry was instantly raised of “Newgate, Newgate,” which was caught up on every side, and with a terrific yell the whole party rushed up the street in the direction of the prison.

At this juncture, corresponding outcries were heard in Fleet-street, and presently afterwards Speke came up with another mob, composed, apparently, of more respectable persons, but no less excited than the others; and perceiving Ephraim Ruddle at their head, he called to him, on which Ephraim united his forces with those of Clench, and the allied mobs pushed forward to the Old Bailey, amidst the most appalling yells.

Arrived before the prison, they summoned the governor to surrender by thundering at the door, and, receiving no answer, endeavoured to break in; but being of great strength and very skilfully secured, the door resisted their efforts. At last a sledge hammer was procured, and a furious attack made on the door, which seemed to be gradually yielding, when it was suddenly opened, and a strong force of turnkeys, armed with cutlasses and muskets, rushed out, and pouring a volley into the mob, drove them back some distance, and then retreating, closed the door again. A deafening yell arose from the mob as they disappeared in the prison, and they required but little encouragement from the ring-leaders to renew the attack. As they were pushing forward, they received an accession of force in the shape of a large body of apprentices, headed by our old acquaintance

Mark Stovin, and with renewed vociferations they made a tremendous rush on the door, which gave way, disclosing the garrison of turnkeys, who, dashing forth again, drove them back; but after retreating a few paces the mob rallied.

“Down with them, mates!” cried Kit, urging on his men.

“Ay! down with the Romanists! down with the mass-mongers!” shouted Mark Stovin.

The apprentices answered with a shout, and a furious attack was then made on the turnkeys, who, after a desperate struggle, were driven into the prison, pressed closely by the besiegers, among whom Ephraim Ruddle and Mark Stovin were particularly prominent. The turnkeys made another stand in the hall, but, at length, seeing that further resistance would be useless, they poured a parting volley upon their assail-

ants, and fled, making their escape over the roofs of the houses at the back of the prison.

As the smoke cleared away, and the mob discovered their success, they became almost frantic with joy. Some rushed on, with savage yells, in pursuit of the turnkeys ; others hastened to break open the dungeons, and free the prisoners ; many danced wildly round the hall, laughing, singing, and shouting—trampling on the bodies of their dead comrades, and jeering at the wounded. Then the liberated prisoners began to flock in, some in rags, many in the last stage of want and disease, others inflamed by spirituous liquors, and eager to join in any outrage.

At length, it was proposed to set fire to the prison, and torches and links were brandished about amidst the most terrible outcries, but the masonry of the building was of the most solid description, and no-

thing inflammable presented itself, added to which torrents of rain now poured down, extinguishing many of their torches, and the attempt to raise a fire proved unsuccessful. While it was still in progress, a tall, burly man, having a broad-brimmed hat pulled over his brow, from which rain poured off in streams, made his way through the crowd to Speke, who was watching the proceedings from the upper end of the hall.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," he said. "The King is about to smuggle off the Queen and the child, and the scheme will probably be tried to-night. Go at once to Whitehall, and block up the approaches. If they are taken coming forth, they are to be carried to the Prince."

"This is easily said, Johnstone," replied Speke, "but suppose they should cross the river? What is to be done, then?"

"Oh, I will look to that," replied John-

stone. "I am going to Lambeth myself, and have already made arrangements to intercept them, if they go that way. Do you look to the Horseferry and Whitehall. I will send a couple of trusty fellows to London Bridge."

So saying, he hurried away, leaving Speke to seek the ringleaders of the mob, which he did forthwith, and ordering them to abandon the prison, led them forth in the direction of Whitehall.

III.

HOW THE QUEEN LEFT WHITEHALL.

It was drawing towards midnight, but late as it was, a young lady of rarest beauty sat in a chamber of Whitehall, attired for a journey. She was weeping; but alarmed by a knock at the door, she hastily dried her eyes, and rising, found two persons in the passage without, one of whom stepped up to her.

“I have brought a friend to see you, Sabine,” said Saint Leu (for it was he),

handing forward his companion. "But remember, you have not many moments to spare."

With this he retired, and his companion, who was no other than Charles Moor, took Sabine by the hand, and led her into the room. They had much to say to each other, but it seemed, at first, that their hearts were too full to give utterance to their thoughts, or that they shrank from approaching the sad cause of their meeting.

"I have just learned that you are to accompany the Queen to France," said Moor, at length, "in short, that you are now to be surrendered to the French King. As the hopes I entertained of recovering my birthright, owing to the misfortunes which have fallen on my royal master, are now at an end, I would not ask you to remain here, and share my humble fortunes, if I did not see that your return to France

will bring you misery. Oh! pause, Sabine, before it is too late, and do not condemn us both to endless unhappiness."

"Would that the decision rested with me," answered Sabine, unable to restrain her tears. "But alas! were I to follow the dictates of my heart, and give you my hand, the Count de Lauzun, on his return to France, would expiate my offence by perpetual imprisonment."

"It is true," said a voice behind them, and Lauzun stepped forward. "You must give up all thought of ever meeting Sabine again. With the all-powerful Louvois for our enemy, we shall have enough to contend against; and even as it is, I shall probably pass from the Tuileries to the Bastile. Farewell! Sabine must accompany me to the apartments of the Queen."

Sabine lingered for a moment to bid adieu to Moor, and then followed Lauzun to

another chamber, where they found Saint Leu, and then all three proceeded in silence to the private apartments of the Queen. Arrived there, they were admitted by the page of the back stairs to a cabinet, where they found James seated at a table, writing despatches.

“All has been prepared as you advised, Count,” said the King. “A boat waits at the Horseferry to carry you over to Lambeth, where a coach is ready to take you to Gravesend. There you will find the yacht, which will be distinguished till daylight by a lantern aloft, and afterwards by a red and blue streamer in the stern. Lord and Lady Powis are already on board.”

“Enough, my liege,” replied Lauzun. “My own preparations are completed; and the sooner her majesty and the prince are ready the better.”

“The Queen only awaits my summons,” said James.

Upon this, he touched a small silver bell, and Mary almost immediately afterwards made her appearance, followed by Lady Strickland, bearing the infant Prince of Wales.

Mary was disguised in a long Italian pelisse, with a capacious hood drawn over her head; and her features could be further concealed by a thickly-folded veil.

“Count de Lauzun,” said James, in a tremulous voice, “I confide my Queen and my son to your care. You will convey them to France.”

Lauzun placed his hand on his heart.

“Heaven so deal with me, as I endeavour to fulfil your majesty’s wishes,” he cried.

Then bending the knee, he pressed the King’s hand devotedly to his lips.

Mary seemed to be quite unconscious of

what was passing. Intense emotion kept her silent.

Turning to Lady Strickland, who, at his request, placed the royal babe in his arms, James bent a long fond look on his face. The child was asleep, and his afflicted parent refrained from kissing him; but a hot tear fell on the infant's face. James then committed the child to Sabine.

At this juncture, Lauzun stepped on one side, and pushed back a panel in the wainscot, disclosing a secret passage, into which Saint Leu stepped with a lantern.

There was a solemn pause. Arousing herself, at length, Mary gave James her hand, and clasping it in both his own, the King pressed it passionately to his lips. Mary then hurried towards the passage, and on reaching it, turned round, and glancing at the King with a gesture of wildest grief, disappeared.

James stood perfectly still for a moment, gazing vacantly on the opening, but, by a great effort, he succeeded in mastering his emotion.

“Remember!” he then cried, waving his hand to Lauzun, who, having seen Sabine enter the passage with the infant prince, stood awaiting his last injunctions. “Remember!”

“Have no fear, my liege,” replied Lauzun, closing the panel.

The passage was so narrow that they were obliged to proceed separately, Saint Leu leading the way. After awhile, they came to a flight of steps, and descending them, reached a short passage, terminated by a secret door, which admitted them to the chapel. Passing through the sacred structure, the fugitives made their way to the Stone Gallery.

Rain was falling in torrents; the roar of

the wind was nearly as loud as thunder; and the darkness was so profound, that not an object below could be distinguished.

In another moment, they arrived at the flight of steps leading to the privy-garden. At the bottom of the steps was a coach, which, as it was thought hazardous to employ one of the royal carriages, had been hired for the occasion. The coachman was sheltering himself from the rain under a neighbouring tree, but hearing footsteps, he hastened forward, and opening the carriage-door, Mary and Sabine, with their precious charge, were placed inside it, while Lauzun sprang up on the box beside the driver, and Saint Leu, pursuant to a previous arrangement, got up behind. Both were well armed.

Moving quickly down a long drive, the vehicle approached a gate, opening into

Parliament-street, and was instantly challenged by the sentinel.

“Who goes there?”

“The Count de Lauzun.”

“Advance, Count de Lauzun, and give the countersign.”

The coachman drew up, and alighting from behind, Saint Leu hurried up to the sentinel, and gave the required password, at the same time drawing forth a key, with which he unlocked the gate, and then threw it open. The carriage then passed through the gates, and the Queen quitted Whitehall for ever!

IV.

HOW THE QUEEN REACHED GRAVESEND.

DRIVING rapidly on, the coach soon reached the stairs situated near the end of the Horseferry-road, and just below the House of Lords. There it drew up, and alighting, Lauzun went in search of the boat, which he expected would be in waiting. The darkness prevented him from seeing far, but going up to the water's edge, and finding no boat within view, he shouted several times, without receiving any answer.

This circumstance placed them in a serious dilemma. Was it owing to accident or treachery that the boat was gone? A number of wherries were lying around, but there were no oars in them, and even if there had been, Lauzun would have hesitated to embark the Queen and Prince of Wales in such a storm, without an experienced waterman to aid them. His resolution was quickly taken. Returning to the steps, he knocked at the door of a small habitation, which he perceived, from the sign, belonged to a waterman, and was quickly answered by the owner from a window. The man, in a surly tone, demanded his business; and, on learning it, declared that it would be madness to venture out in such a gale, and refused to comply.

But the offer of gold induced him to alter his resolution, and he retired from the window, and after a brief interval presented

himself at the door, accompanied by a sturdy lad.

While this was passing, Saint Leu, who had remained with the carriage, observed the coachman peering about in a manner that excited his suspicions, and coming behind him, he suddenly threw the light of the lantern on his face, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the seeming coachman was no other than Johnstone. Uttering a hasty exclamation, he seized the emissary by the throat, and presented a pistol at his breast, while Lauzun coming up, helped him to secure him.

Glad to escape with life, Johnstone offered no resistance, and they forced him to mount the box, and then tied his arms together, and fastened him to the seat with the reins, binding a handkerchief tightly over his mouth, so as effectually to prevent him from raising an outcry.

Meanwhile, Mary and Sabine had remained in the carriage, unable to account for the delay. A thousand apprehensions seized the Queen; but, though naturally timid, she did not heed her own peril, provided she could secure the safety of her son. She heard the struggle on the box, and voices in dispute, but could not distinguish what was said, and her alarm became almost insupportable. Taking the infant prince from Sabine, she pressed him tenderly to her bosom, resolved not to part from him with life. At this moment the carriage-door was opened, and Lauzun presented himself.

“All is well, gracious madam,” he whispered; “you must not be dismayed at the storm. We will all die to preserve you.”

“I do not doubt it,” answered Mary, though her eyes were raised to Heaven, as if her trust lay *there* !

The Queen and Sabine now alighted, and

in a few minutes they all reached the boat, which instantly put off.

Hardly had this occurred, when Johnstone contrived to free his mouth from the bandage and raise an outcry, which was quickly answered from an adjacent house, and after a brief interval he was joined by a waterman, who mounted the box, and released him from his bonds.

“Now give me a pull over the river,” said Johnstone, “and I will reward you handsomely. I have a party on the other side, who will help me to capture these fugitives.”

“I wouldn’t venture over for my weight i’ goold,” replied the waterman. “Not by no manner of means.”

“What is to be done?” muttered Johnstone, in perplexity. “They have crossed by this time; but they will find I have set a trap for them; and we will get at them over London Bridge.”

Se saying, he turned the carriage, and drove with all possible speed towards the city.

Meanwhile the fugitives pursued their way. After a perilous passage, during which the boat was more than once well nigh lost, they reached Lambeth Stairs. Quick as thought the elder boatman grappled the stanchion of the stairs with a boat-hook, and at the same moment his son jumped ashore, and fastened the boat to a ring in the steps. This done, Lauzun landed, and received Mary from Saint Leu, who lifted her from the boat, and the Count then assisted her to the summit of the stairs. Having bestowed her in safety, he returned for Sabine, whom he instantly conducted to the Queen, while Saint Leu discharged the boatmen.

Advancing a few paces, Lauzun looked around for the coach which the King had promised should be in waiting, but it was

nowhere to be seen. Thinking it possible that the persons in charge had sought shelter from the storm at a neighbouring inn, from the open door of which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, light still streamed, he determined to proceed thither in search of it. Previously to doing so, however, he escorted Mary and Sabine to the porch of the adjacent church, where they were partially sheltered from the rain, and waited there till they were joined by Saint Leu, when he bent his steps towards the inn, which fronted the western side of the churchyard. Avoiding the open door, he turned under a dark archway then leading to the inn-yard, but now the entrance to a dirty retreat, called Chapel Court, and shaped his course for the further end, where a flickering light seemed to mark out the stables. As he hurried forward he heard a footstep, and turning, saw a man advancing

with a lantern. But though he suspected something wrong, the Count thought it better to pursue his way, and arriving at the stable-door, he lifted the latch, and looked in.

In front of him were six stalls, each of which were occupied by a horse, fully harnessed; ostlers were engaged in the duties of the stable, while three postilions, enveloped in capacious overcoats, were smoking short pipes near the window. As the Count entered they all turned to regard him.

“Is the carriage of the *Sieur de Caumont* here?” cried Lauzun.

“Yes, my lord,” answered one of the postilions, stepping forward, and touching his hat. “We were obliged to take shelter from the storm.”

At this juncture the person whom Lauzun had seen in the yard, and who was no other than *Snewin*, came up, and the Count was

satisfied, from the manner in which the constable regarded him, that he was a spy. But though he was greatly disturbed by the circumstance, he affected unconcern, and giving directions to the postilions to bring out the carriage instantly, he hastened out of the inn yard.

Finding Saint Leu, he communicated his suspicions to him, and gave him some instructions, and then flew to the porch where he had left Mary and Sabine. In a few minutes the coach appeared, drawn by six horses, and drove up to the porch, while Snewin came running on with his lantern, bent on examining the Count's companions. But as he turned the angle of the churchyard, Saint Leu, who was lying in wait, ran against him, and tripping him up, sent him floundering into the muddy kennel, and smashed his lantern. This done, Saint Leu sprang up on the footman's

board behind the carriage, into which the Queen, Sabine, and her precious charge, with Lauzun, had already mounted, and word being given by the latter, the postilions dashed off at a gallop.

The party proceeded in silence. Mary was engrossed by her own bitter reflections; Lauzun was calculating in his mind the chances of pursuit, and bending a vigilant ear to the road; Sabine was thinking of her private griefs, as well as those of her mistress.

They had passed the road leading to London Bridge, when suddenly the Count started forward, and let down the carriage-window. The rain had ceased, and the tramp of a horse was indistinctly heard in the distance, approaching at a furious pace. Lauzun shouted to Saint Leu to urge on the postilions, but though they made every exertion, the sound of the pursuing horse

came nearer and nearer, and at last a voice was heard shouting, which was instantly recognised by Saint Leu, and he ordered the postilions to halt. Surprised and alarmed, the Count was about to spring out of the coach, in order to ascertain the occasion of the stoppage, when Charles Moor dashed up.

“His majesty has sent me on, Count, with a message to the Queen,” Moor said. “We found that the boat which was to have met you at the ferry, owing to some mistake, did not set out till after the appointed time, and as we learned at the ferry that a party had gone across, his majesty became very anxious, and desired me to make certain of your safety. I crossed London Bridge—felled a coachman, and beat down a couple of ruffians who would have intercepted me—and have overtaken you.”

“You have done bravely,” cried the Queen.

“His majesty has sent you this casket, gracious madam,” continued the young man. “It contains the most valuable of your jewels, and a letter for the King of France, which your royal husband requests you will deliver into his own hands.”

“I will,” cried Mary. “But is his majesty safe? Is he well?”

“He is both safe and well, madam,” answered Moor. “Now, postilions, on for your lives!”

And waving his hand to Sabine, he rode back, while the coach resumed its progress, proceeding at the same rate as before.

It was daylight before they reached Gravesend. Though occupied chiefly by fishermen and smugglers, that place was already of some extent, and the appearance of a coach and six at so early an hour, excited a general sensation. Among others a party of soldiers, who had deserted from

Tilbury Fort, on the other side of the river, and were on their way to join the Prince of Orange, rushed forth from a low public-house as the coach drew near the water, and threw themselves right in the way, commanding the postilions to halt, in order, as they said, that they might see if there were any Papists in the vehicle. At this moment, however, Saint Leu seized the most violent of the ruffians by the collar, and thrust him backwards, while his companions, seeing that both he and Lauzun were well armed, thought it advisable to make off. The carriage then moved on, without interruption, and soon reached the river, when Lauzun alighting, perceived in the mid-stream the yacht, distinguished, as the King had intimated, by a red and blue streamer in the stern. He found, also, a boat lying below, manned by two persons in the dress of seamen, but

whom he recognised as two Irish officers sent by the King to attend them.

One of the officers came forward, and Lauzun hastened to assist the Queen into the boat. Mary alighted joyfully, though with a trembling step. Holding her child, who was carefully concealed by her cloak, fondly to her bosom, she proceeded to the boat, followed by Sabine. A crowd of persons of both sexes had collected at the water's-edge, who pressed forward to gaze at her, but she kept her eyes on the ground, and her look was composed, though she was very pale. Lauzun lifted her into the boat and placed Sabine by her side, and then seated himself behind them, while Saint Leu and the two rowers took their places, and pulled off.

The wind had lulled, and was now only a refreshing breeze. The sun was up, and, for the hour and season, shone with unusual

brightness. The water was calm and clear. On one side the eye commanded an extensive view of Kent, with the picturesque town of Gravesend, sloping up to the verdant base of Windmill Hill, which towered high above ; and, on the other, the vast marshes of Essex, with the fort of Tilbury peeping over the water, and the batteries bristling with cannon. Mary could not restrain her tears as she turned a wistful gaze on the two shores.

In a few moments the boat reached the yacht, and mounting to the deck, the Queen was received by Lord and Lady Powis, who instantly conducted her and Sabine to the state cabin. Lauzun and Saint Leu remained on deck, where the greatest bustle now prevailed, and in a few moments all the canvass was spread, and the yacht sailed, with a fair wind, for the coast of France.

V.

HOW THE QUEEN REACHED CALAIS.

THE breeze with which the vessel set sail was not destined to last. Scarcely had she passed the reach of land called "The Hope," just above Gravesend, when the sails began to flap, and she made less way every moment. Thus the day was far spent before she sighted the Nore.

By this time, the Queen, whose strength had been recruited by a little repose, appeared on the deck, attended by Sabine and

Lady Powis. They were instantly joined by Lauzun.

"We are still in the river, Count, I perceive," said Mary, in an anxious tone: "Is there a probability of our being detained?"

"You will observe that we have little wind, madam," replied Lauzun; "and, indeed, should scarcely move at all, if we were not aided by the tide. But this will, probably, help us out of the river; and the captain thinks we may have a breeze in the evening, to waft us on to France."

At this moment considerable bustle was observed on the forecastle, to the manifest agitation of the Queen; and, sharing her fears, Lauzun hastened to ascertain what had occurred. Before he could speak, the captain pointed to a large ship in the offing, which was bearing down to the river's mouth, and the broad bows of which announced her to be Dutch.

Nearly an hour elapsed before they cleared Sheppy, by which time it had become almost dark, but the hull of the strange ship could still be distinguished, and was watched with intense anxiety from the yacht. Meanwhile, the wind had entirely dropped, and as night fell, the two vessels were scarcely a mile apart.

Mary now gave herself up for lost, and her fears seemed but too reasonable; for while the Dutch frigate lay like a log on the water, the light and airy yacht was still drifted on by the tide; and although her helm was put for the opposite quarter, drew every moment nearer to her formidable enemy. It was a fine starlit night, though clouds skirted the horizon; and, mounting the shrouds, Lauzun was able, by the aid of a night-glass, to scan the enemy's deck, which he soon perceived to be all astir. After a short interval, two boats were lowered from her stern; and,

taking in a strong crew, they shaped their course for the yacht.

Springing to the deck, Lauzun hastened to Mary, who was endeavouring to forget her sorrows, by caressing her infant.

“We are about to be boarded, gracious madam,” he said; “and you will no doubt be closely questioned. If you are discovered, we must defend you with our lives.”

The group around the Queen were silent, and looked at each other in dismay.

“I fear discovery is inevitable, if they should really come on board,” cried Mary, in great disorder. “Can the captain do nothing to save us? Merciful Heaven! must my child fall into the hands of his enemy?”

“Be assured he shall not, your majesty, till my arm is powerless,” said Lauzun, turning quickly away.

Hurrying on to the fore-castle, he encountered the captain, and drew him aside.

“ You do not know whom you have on board,” he said; “ but let me tell you, that if we are captured by the Dutch, the King will never forgive you. Should you contrive to land us safely in France, I promise you the highest rewards.”

“ It can’t be done, Count,” replied the captain. “ But, stop!” he added, looking round. “ Ha! there’s a breath of wind! We’ll have it presently, and may get off yet.”

Indeed, a light air now arose, gradually swelling the upper sails; and, just as they heard the splash of oars, announcing the approach of the enemy’s boats, the little vessel began to feel her way. A cheer burst from the crew, while the boats redoubled their efforts to come up with her; but her lower canvass soon filled out, and

she sped along more swiftly, leaving the heavy frigate, with all her sails spread, still stationary.

But the breeze freshened every instant, and having recalled her boats, the frigate was soon in chase, when it became apparent that, though the yacht had the advantage in what is called fine sailing, yet, if the weather should become rough, her enemy must overtake her. In less than half-an-hour, the clouds spread from the horizon, in dense masses, over the whole heaven; the wind rose to a gale, and the slender masts of the yacht bent like reeds. It was soon found necessary to reef the topsails, although the frigate appeared to be gaining on them; and the deck became so unsafe, that Mary and her attendants were obliged to take refuge in the cabin.

The captain of the yacht would now have run towards the shore, whither, in conse-

quence of the shallowness of the water, the frigate would be unable to follow him; but a thick haze had come on, which obliged him to keep a good offing, in order to avoid the dangerous shoals off Reculvers. Spreading nearly all sail, till the strained canvass threatened to split, the gallant little bark scudded through the water, amidst showers of spray, and leaving a track of foam in her wake, which washed the bows of her pursuer. The latter, bearing a press of sail, though at the risk of carrying away some of her spars, drew nearer and nearer, and in a short time was so close, that figures could be distinguished on the deck. The gale was now at its height, and both vessels were obliged to take in sail, and even lower their top-gallant-mast; but the chase was still kept up, and the frigate's helm was put so as to run down the yacht. Indeed, her flying jib-boom was almost over the little

vessel's taffrail, when, by the direction of Lauzun, the captain shouted through a speaking-trumpet that he would bring-to, and desired the enemy to luff her helm. His request was instantly complied with; but the two vessels were so close, that, as she flew up in the wind, the frigate's lee-quarter threatened to graze her weather-gangway. In the confusion, the crew of the frigate neglected to secure the haulyards, as she bore up; and the most disastrous consequences ensued. The whole of her canvass was blown out of the bolt-ropes; several of her upper yards, tacks, and haulyards were carried away; and the vessel herself was so shaken, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could be righted.

Taking advantage of this incident, the captain of the yacht, instead of bringing-to, bore off, under as much sail as it was safe to carry, and was soon out of sight.

Shortly afterwards he rounded the Foreland, when the haze became so dense, that they were obliged to lay a point further from the land. In this way they proceeded for a considerable time, but at length the wind, which had latterly been unsettled, blew right ahead, and being unable to keep her course, the yacht dropped anchor in the Downs.

Reclining on a couch in the cabin, with her infant clasped in her arms, Mary had passed the moments, since the commencement of the chase, in the most excruciating suspense. Her attendants could offer her no consolation; and Lady Powis and Sabine could scarcely restrain their tears. But all the Queen's fears were for her son, and so ascendant was the mother in her bosom, that she scarcely heeded the hoarse roar of the wind, though the din overhead, occasioned by the hauling of ropes, the shouts of the

seamen, and the rush of feet on the deck, as the crew obeyed the various orders of the captain, added to the continual pitching of the vessel, heightened the terrors of her situation. Suddenly, the noise subsided, and the motion became comparatively steady, when she was joined by Lauzun, and learned from him that the yacht had anchored.

Having informed her of this circumstance, and done his utmost to cheer her, Lauzun returned to the deck, determined to watch through the night. So anxious was he for the safety of his charge, that he seemed to have no sense of fatigue; and each succeeding hour found him still pacing to and fro, now peering into the mist, now inquiring the direction of the wind, but always maintaining the same air of calmness and self-possession.

Morning dawned, at last; and the maze gradually thinned, here and there present-

ing gaps, called fog-dogs, which promised a speedy clearance. Through one of these gaps Lauzun distinguished a large ship, and giving the alarm to the captain, a good look-out was kept up, when several others were discovered, and it was ultimately ascertained that the yacht was actually in the midst of the Dutch fleet.

With difficulty disguising his solicitude, Lauzun now renewed his promise of reward to the captain, provided the vessel should escape search, while he secretly resolved to throw him overboard on the first appearance of treachery. The captain, however, had evidently no suspicion of the rank of his passengers; and dazzled by the count's promises, he instantly slipped his cable, determined at all hazards to attempt a passage. In a few minutes the vessel was moving along under light sail, and amidst the breathless silence of the crew; and being

partly screened by the haze, passed close astern of a large ship without attracting notice. Thus she made her way through the fleet, and the wind having fortunately veered round to the eastward, got out of the Downs. All sail was then set, and the gallant bark steered for Calais.

Mary had just awakened from a short and troubled slumber, when Sabine, who was attending her, informed her that they were entering the harbour. Uttering an exclamation of joy, Mary instantly prepared to go on shore; and by the time her arrangements were completed, the yacht came to an anchor.

At this juncture, Lauzun entered the cabin.

“Your majesty is at last in safety,” he said, accepting Mary’s extended hand, and raising it respectfully to his lips. “Saint Leu has gone to notify your arrival to the governor, and a boat is alongside, which will

convey your majesty and the prince on shore."

"We will instantly disembark," replied Mary. "Would that the King were with me; but, thank Heaven, we have saved my child!"

With these words she received the infant from Sabine, and gazed tenderly on his face. He was asleep; and clasping him to her bosom, Mary drew her mantle carefully over him, and then followed Lauzun to the deck. With the aid of an accommodation-rope, she was received by Lord Powis; and having taken a seat, she was joined by the Countess and Sabine, who were speedily followed by Lauzun, when the boat shoved off.

The mist had disappeared, but the sky was overcast, and the shore was coated with snow, presenting a cheerless and inhospitable look, which had a most depressing effect on the fugitive Queen. As the boat pursued

its way, she could not but compare her present, with her last visit to France, when her arrival was announced by the roar of cannon, and the proudest nobles of the court came forth to meet her. Would she receive in adversity the same honours that she had been awarded in prosperity? As the thought occurred to her, the boat gained the beach; and, exhausted with fatigue, worn with anxiety, and shivering with cold, the unhappy Queen and her few faithful attendants stepped on shore.

A knot of fishermen and ragged boys had collected around, and watched the party disembarking, but all was silent and cheerless. Suddenly the braying of trumpets was heard; a salvo of artillery burst from the batteries; the gates of the castle were flung open, and amidst a flourish of martial music, a gallant cavalcade poured forth, and came in all haste towards the beach. It

headed by a venerable-looking man, who, as he drew near, threw himself from his horse, and with his plumed cap in his hand, advanced to meet the Queen.

“I must introduce myself to your majesty as M. Charot, the governor of Calais,” he said; “and in the name of the King, my master, I bid you welcome to France. Will it please your majesty to rest at the castle?”

“I will not decline your excellency’s hospitality,” replied Mary, “though I can make but a short stay; and I must entreat you to procure me the means of conveyance to Paris.”

“Your wishes are commands, gracious madam,” replied Charot. “But is it possible,” he added, “that I see the Count de Lauzun? I conjure you, Count, to return to your ship, or otherwise you will compel me to order your arrest. In-

deed, I do not know that I am justified in permitting your return."

"You are mistaken," replied Lauzun; "and would incur the King's displeasure by detaining me. I am going straight to his majesty's presence, and bear him a letter from the King of England. You, madam, can remain at the castle, till his excellency has made the necessary arrangements for your journey; and I will ride on to Paris, and inform my royal master of your arrival."

Mary signified her assent to this arrangement; and the governor's carriage, which had been hastily prepared for her reception, having by this time come up, she entered it, together with her attendants, and proceeded to the castle. Here a fleet horse was provided for Lauzun; and having taken leave of the Queen, he galloped off in the direction of Paris, not without a misgiving

that his appearance at court, while labouring under the royal displeasure, might enable his enemies to effect his destruction.

VI.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

IN a magnificent cabinet at Versailles, furnished in the most costly manner, and displaying a rich profusion of vases, statues, and articles of vertu, there sat a man of princely mien, conversing with an elderly but beautiful woman, for whom he displayed the gallantry and devotion of a lover. The illustrious pair were Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon.

Louis was in his fiftieth year, but his

form was still erect, and his appearance commanding. Almost an infant on his accession to the throne, he was for many years a mere puppet in the hands of Mazarin, who, in 1659, espoused him to Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of Philip IV., a Princess of weak intellect, but whom Louis, though he did not love her, always treated with kindness. Two years afterwards, on the death of the Cardinal, Louis took the reins of government into his own hands; and the effect of his rule was speedily seen. Though his education had been neglected, nature had endowed him with excellent abilities, to which he added such diligence, and attention to business, as to infuse a spirit of activity into every department of the state.

France was at this time almost a feudal government; but the nobles, weakened and

impoverished by civil wars, became an easy prey to a monarch, who dazzled them by his magnificence, and relieved their necessities by appointments at his court. By this means he worked out a stern and arbitrary policy, which finally vested him with despotic power.

L'état c'est moi, was his favourite maxim ; and he permitted no interference with his prerogative. The Parliament of Paris having once ventured to canvass one of his edicts, he suddenly entered the hall, in the midst of their deliberations, booted and spurred from a journey, and with a riding whip under his arm ; and addressing the first president, told him that the meetings of that body had produced mischief enough, and they had better cease discussing his edicts. From that moment no further opposition was offered him ; and, thus possessed of absolute

authority, he gradually established that grand system of centralization, which, surviving the shock of two revolutions, still characterizes the government of France.

Though his reign had been signalized by several great wars, during which his vast armies had covered the continent, while his fleets swept the ocean, he was a munificent patron of the arts and sciences, and his age was fruitful in men of genius, whom he loaded with honours and rewards. A devout Catholic, he had yet, through his ambassador, twice insulted and defied the Pope, in the very streets of the holy city ; but, while evincing this contempt for the pontiff, he was so intolerant a bigot, that he instituted a rigid persecution of the Jansenists, and, revoking the edict of Nantes, commenced a crusade against the Huguenots, forcing thousands into exile, and coercing the remainder into reconciliation with Rome.

Francoise D'Aubigne, Marquise de Maintenon, daughter of a man of infamous character, was born at Niort, in 1635, and was now in her fifty-third year. Her father was in prison at the time of her birth, but having recovered his liberty, he soon afterwards proceeded with his wife and child to the West Indies, where he died insolvent, in 1645. Returning to France, the destitute widow and her daughter were received into the house of a relation, who compelled Francoise to abjure the reformed faith, in which she had been brought up, and embrace popery, of which she afterwards became so zealous a champion. As she grew up, her mental and personal attractions excited the admiration of every beholder, but could not win the favour of her aunt, who uniformly treated her with great harshness. In this humiliating situation, she became acquainted with Scarron, the

well-known novelist and poet, who made her an offer of marriage, which, though he was more than twice her age, she accepted, and ever afterwards spoke of him with affection and gratitude. She was now introduced to several persons of distinction, who soon discovered her merits; and, on the death of her husband, she was recommended to the reigning favourite, Madame de Montespan, as governess to the King's natural children. In this character, she incurred the notice of Louis, who was so pleased with the attention she paid to his son, the Duke de Maine, that he presented her with a hundred thousand livres, with which she purchased the estate of Maintenon. But, though first attracted to her by her care of his children, the monarch soon became fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, while the gentleness of her nature, which the violence of Madame de Montespan

rendered more striking, and her vigorous and well-stored mind, won his esteem. In short, on the death of his consort, he was, by the advice of his confessor, Pere La Chaise, privately married to her, in the presence of two witnesses, by the Archbishop of Paris. From this moment she exercised great influence over the government; and it was even said, that she nominated the chief officers of state, and the commanders of the army. The councils of the King were frequently held in her apartments; and such was his opinion of her understanding, that when his ablest ministers failed to influence him, he would be guided implicitly by her advice. Thus did this singular woman, who retained in age the loveliness, and even the bloom of youth, sway the arbitrary and magnificent Louis.

“Your majesty thinks, then, that the

King of England will be victorious," she said. "This news is the most cheering we have yet received."

"I agree with you," replied Louis; "for though the advantage gained is slight in itself, yet, in such a contest, the first success is usually followed by more brilliant results."

"If King James triumphs, England will return to the bosom of the Church," observed Madame de Maintenon, whose religious zeal was scarcely less than that of Louis.

"That is a great work, but the temporal effects of his success will be equally striking," rejoined Louis. "France and England will enter into a league, having for its first object the subjugation of the Dutch—that nation of petty traders, who dare to bandy words with Kings. That done, England shall assist me to subdue Europe; and in return, I will enable my brother James to

trample on his parliament, and make him really a King."

"These will indeed be great results," returned Madame de Maintenon. "Heaven grant that they may be realized!"

"Ah! always doubting!" cried Louis, with a reproving smile. "But you may reckon on these events with confidence; and, no doubt, our first news will be that the Prince of Orange and his army are prisoners of war. The insolent democrats, who have so long braved my power, will then lie at my mercy."

As he uttered these words, the rich drapery that masked the chamber-door was flung aside, and a man of middle stature, with stern and strongly marked features, and a singularly sallow complexion, though now flushed with rage, stepped rudely in. It was the Marquis de Louvois, the favourite minister of Louis, though he was often

offended by his insolence, and declared that he was insupportable.

“I have been detained from attending your majesty by an unexpected visitor,” he cried, without seeking to disguise his fury. “But I have committed him to the charge of the guard; and here is an order for his confinement in the Bastile, which I must request your majesty to sign.”

“Ha! who is the criminal?” cried Louis.

“The Count de Lauzun, sire,” replied Louvois.

“Impossible!” cried Louis, changing colour, while Madame de Maintenon was surprised into an exclamation.

“I should have thought so, if I had not seen him myself,” replied Louvois; “but his audacity knows no bound. But the *lettre de cachet* is all prepared: will your majesty affix your cypher to it?”

Receiving the document, Louis complied

with his request ; and was returning it to the minister, when Madame de Maintenon interposed.

“I will not seek your clemency for the Count, sire,” she said, “but his appearing at court, while you have commanded him to absent himself from the kingdom, is such an extraordinary circumstance, that I would recommend your majesty to have him brought before you, and something may then transpire to palliate his offence.”

“This would be mere trifling, madame, and even hazardous,” cried Louvois, impatiently ; “for this bold man may have a design on his majesty’s person.”

“The Count de Lauzun is no assassin,” cried Louis. “Let him be introduced ; but have an escort in readiness, and when he quits the presence, he must be conveyed to the Bastile.”

Louvois, who had his own reasons for

preventing an interview between the King and Lauzun, was about to speak further on the subject, but Louis waved him forth, and perceiving it was no time to thwart him, he sullenly withdrew. In a few moments, a page appeared, ushering in Lauzun.

Louis turned an eagle glance on the Count, as if he would search his inmost thoughts; but Lauzun's bearing was dutiful, though resolute; and, as he sank on his knee, the King relaxed his frown.

"I should not have ventured to approach your majesty, if I had not been charged with a dispatch to you, which the King of England bound me to place in your own hand," said Lauzun, presenting a sealed letter to Louis.

"A letter from the King of England!" exclaimed Louis, quickly. "The Marquis de Louvois did not tell me this."

"He was not aware of it, my liege," re-

turned Lauzun ; “ for my instructions were not to reveal it to any one, till I had had an interview with your majesty.”

“ Louvois is not to blame, then—but this is very strange,” said Louis ; and tearing open the dispatch he began to read it, while Madame de Maintenon, who had taken up a book on the entrance of Lauzun, turned an anxious and inquiring look on his face.

“ You are the bearer of sad tidings, Count,” said Louis, after a pause, at the same time handing the dispatch to Madame de Maintenon ; “ but I make no doubt you have discharged your high trust faithfully. The Queen has arrived safely in France, has she not ?”

“ I left her majesty at Calais, my liege,” replied Lauzun ; “ and she intended to make all haste to your presence.”

“ This must be looked to at once,” said Louis ; “ and, therefore, I will not detain

you longer. You shall be informed of my pleasure anon, Count."

Thus dismissed, Lauzun made a graceful obeisance, and retired, leaving the King more agitated than he was willing should be observed.

Passing through the ante-chamber, the Count entered a long gallery, thronged with dames and courtiers, many of whom he knew; but, to his surprise, they seemed to shun him, or saluted him only with a cold bow, while the crowd regarded him with silent wonder. But apparently undisturbed with this reception, Lauzun moved on with a proud step, and quitting the gallery, proceeded across the King's guard-chamber and down the grand staircase to the vestibule, whence he made his way through a swarm of valets and pages to the porch. Arrived there, he was about to summon his groom, when he was accosted by an officer of gens-d'armes.

“I have an unpleasant duty to perform, Count de Lauzun,” he said, touching his hat. “I am commanded to take you to the Bastile.”

“The Bastile!” echoed Lauzun. “You must surely be mistaken; for I have just left the presence, and his majesty has shewn me no symptom of displeasure.”

“That I have nothing to do with, monsieur,” rejoined the official; “but my instructions are positive, and are signed by the King himself.”

Here he produced the *lettre-de-cachet*, which Lauzun read attentively.

“I must attend you, sir,” he then said; “but you will allow me first to speak to my servant.”

The officer bowed; and taking his servant aside, Lauzun gave him some instructions in an under tone, on which the servant vaulted into his saddle, and rode off, while

Lauzun was conducted by the official to a coach, surrounded by a guard of cuirassiers; and directly he had entered it, the vehicle moved down the avenue towards Paris.

Full of anxious reflections, Lauzun soon sank into a reverie, in which he gave no heed to his progress; but, at last, he was aroused by the coach stopping. He now heard the rattling of a chain, when the carriage again set forward; and rolling over a drawbridge, entered the gates of the Bastile.

VII.

ST. GERMAINS.

IT was on the day following the events just narrated, that the Queen of England was seated with Sabine, in a large state-chamber, at the convent of Foix, on the high-road to Paris, where she had halted the previous night. They were attired for travelling ; but Mary's abstracted look evinced little interest in the arrangements for her journey, and her thoughts were evidently far away. They had been sitting

in silence for some time, when a nun entered, ushering in St. Leu, who was much agitated, though he endeavoured to appear composed.

“Everything is prepared for your departure, gracious madam,” he said. “Will it please your majesty to proceed?”

“Assuredly,” replied Mary, rising. “But what has happened, Mr. Saint Leu? Nay, do not hesitate; but let me know the worst at once. Have you heard bad tidings from England?”

“I have not, madam,” replied St. Leu; “but since your majesty commands me, I will tell you what has occurred. A messenger has just arrived from the Count de Lauzun, bringing the sad news that he has been committed to the Bastile.”

This announcement greatly distressed Mary, and Sabine uttered a cry, but, perceiving the emotion of the Queen, endeavoured to compose herself.

“This is an unexpected blow,” said Mary, despondingly; “but the Count shall not suffer for his devotion to me. Had he come as an ambassador from King James, in the day of his prosperity, he would have been received far differently ; but even a fugitive queen must be respected, and I will insist on his being instantly released. Dry your tears, Sabine. The Count shall be set at liberty.”

“If your majesty will but make it a request to King Louis, I am sure he will not deny you,” faltered Sabine.

“Alas, poor child! you forget that I am an exile and a fugitive,” exclaimed Mary; “but I will at least make the attempt—yet he may even refuse to see me!”

At this moment, the blast of a trumpet was heard, followed by a trampling of horse, announcing the arrival of a large company in the court-yard of the convent. This was

so unexpected, that Mary and her two attendants looked at each other in surprise, which was increased the next moment, when the tread of a spurred heel was heard in the passage, hastily approaching the chamber. Before they could exchange a word, the door was thrown open, and, to the amazement of all, Lauzun presented himself.

Bending the knee, with a gratified smile at the exclamations which his unexpected appearance elicited, he raised the Queen's extended hand, and pressed it devotedly to his lips.

"Your arrival is most opportune, Count," cried Mary ; "for we had just heard you were committed to the Bastile."

"And your majesty was rightly informed," replied Lauzun ; "but my committal was a mistake. I have since learned that, though his majesty signed an order

for my arrest, before he had admitted me to an audience, the explanation I then gave him recovered me his favour; but in the agitation of the moment, he quite forgot the *lettre de cachet*, and it was not till I had actually entered the Bastile, that the mistake was rectified. My royal master has now charged me with a mission to your majesty, which is to place at your disposal his palace of St. Germain, and he has sent a state carriage and an escort of dragoons to convey you thither."

"He is a bountiful prince, and I thankfully accept his courtesy," said Mary, as her eyes filled with tears. "We will proceed to our new residence without delay."

With this, she motioned to Sabine, who hastened to an inner door, and tapping on the panel, it was opened, and Lady Powis entered, bearing the infant Prince of Wales in her arms.

Perceiving the Queen, the child greeted her with a smile, which brought a gleam of brightness to Mary's face; and, though anxious to set forth, she paused to caress him. She then sent for the lady abbess, who instantly appeared; and, after thanking her for her hospitality, Mary presented her with a gift for the convent, and bade her farewell, desiring the prayers of the sisterhood. This done, she accompanied Lauzun to the court-yard, where the carriage and escort were in waiting; and, full of sad thoughts, she seated herself in the vehicle, and was speedily joined by Lady Powis and Sabine, with the infant heir apparent. The carriage then drove off, attended by Lauzun and the dragoons, while the holy sisterhood, who watched its departure through a grated doorway, followed the unhappy Queen with their benedictions.

The cavalcade proceeded at a rapid rate towards St. Germain ; but Mary was so absorbed in thought, that she gave no heed to its progress. Suddenly the carriage came to a halt, and, thus aroused, she was about to inquire what had happened, when the door was opened, and Lauzun made his appearance.

“ I take leave to recommend you to look forth, gracious madam,” he said. “ They are coming to meet us.”

Scarcely comprehending what he said, Mary glanced through the carriage-window, and a novel and imposing scene presented itself. Before her lay the little village of Chatou, perched on the banks of the meandering Seine, which here and there peeped through richly-clustered woods ; and, in the back-ground, rose the verdant heights of St. Germain-en-Laye, studded with villas and chateaux, embosomed in groves of trees.

But Mary's eye turned, not on the charms of the landscape, but on a magnificent *cortege*, winding down from the heights, and which was composed of more than a hundred carriages, each drawn by six horses, and escorted by squadrons of cavalry, whose steel corslets and naked sabres glittered in the sun. At this moment, her carriage again moved forward, and the horses were urged to their utmost speed; but, on reaching Chatou, Mary determined to alight, and proceed to meet Louis on foot. Before she could make known her intention, however, the *cortege* again drew up; the carriage-door was hastily opened; and a hundred courtiers, attired in the superb costume of the day, and with their plumed hats in their hands, crowded around, while Louis himself stood at their head, looking indeed a king.

“Welcome to France, your majesty!” cried the monarch. “Were it not for the

anxiety you will suffer, I should scarcely regret the events that have happened in England, since they have procured me this distinction. But let your mind be at ease. The arms of France shall soon restore you to Whitehall."

"Your majesty's generosity leaves me no words to thank you," faltered Mary. "But I intreat you to suffer me to alight, and I and my child will attend you to your carriage.

"Rather I will attend you thither, madam," replied Louis. "This young prince, whose infancy has been so unfortunate, shall find a second father and protector in me."

Tears gathered in Mary's eyes, and, too much agitated to speak, she acknowledged the King's kindness with a bow. At his request she then alighted, and he attended her, uncovered, to his own carriage, followed

by the court. When they had entered the vehicle, the *cortege* again set forward, and pursued its way towards St. Germain.

Repressing her emotion, Mary conversed freely with Louis, giving a full account of the perils of her flight, till, having gained the summit of the heights, the carriage entered the inner court of the chateau. Here a guard of honour was drawn up, who received them with the customary honours; and Monsieur and Madame Montechevereul, the keepers of the palace, stood uncovered in the porch, and assisted them to alight.

Louis conducted Mary up the grand staircase to a magnificent saloon, where she was joined by her two faithful attendants, who still had charge of the infant prince.

“I will now take my leave of your majesty,” Louis then said; “but before I retire, I

must beg your promise to command here, as you would at Whitehall."

And without awaiting a reply, for he perceived that Mary's feelings were too deep for utterance, he bowed gracefully, and withdrew.

VIII.

THE CONVENT.

THE next morning Sabine arose early, and was preparing to attend the Queen, when a waiting-woman appeared, and informed her that the Pere la Chaise, the King's confessor, desired an interview with her. Though much distressed by this announcement, the young lady hastily completed her toilet; and repairing to the antechamber, found the Jesuit awaiting her.

“I have been commanded by his ma-

jesty, my daughter, to ascertain your religious opinions," said the holy father, in a kind and encouraging tone. "You are aware that he has deemed it his duty to adopt the most rigorous measures for the suppression of heresy; and, though naturally a gracious and bountiful prince, his severity to the enemies of the Church is unbounded. But you, I am sure, are not one of those who would provoke his displeasure."

"I will never forget that I owe him a sacred duty, reverend sir," faltered Sabine; "but in religion, it is not the king we are to please, but the King of kings. But is it possible that his majesty can be ignorant that I am a Huguenot?"

"Well, I will admit that we are aware of it," replied the Jesuit, with an affectation of frankness; "but since you are inclined to deal openly with me, I have little

doubt that I shall prevail on you to become reconciled to the Church."

"I will cheerfully listen to your argument, as I am bound to do, not only in deference to your majesty, but to satisfy my own conscience," rejoined Sabine. "But it is only candour to tell you, that during the last few months, I have repeatedly been lectured on the subject, and all I have heard has tended to confirm my opinions."

"The heresy is indeed rooted in you, then," returned the priest, as he piously crossed himself; "but with the help of our Blessed Lady, I will yet accomplish the work."

So saying, he sat down, and entered on the subject at large, setting before her all those specious arguments, which have from time immemorial been put forward by the Church of Rome, in support of her various dogmas, and which he invested with the authority of garbled texts, backed by

the most captivating eloquence. Sabine listened attentively, and even with interest—for the Jesuit was a master of his art; and perceiving the impression he had made, the reverend father entertained the most sanguine hopes of success.

“Now I have removed your scruples, my daughter,” he said, at length, “let me inform the King that I have snatched another soul from perdition—in this world,” he added, with emphasis, “as well as in the next.”

“To avert it in the next world, we must often brave it in this, reverend sir,” answered Sabine. “If your arguments had shaken my convictions, I would instantly recant them; but when even your eloquence fails to convince me, you will see that my conversion is hopeless.”

“Do not say so, my child,” returned the priest, earnestly. “Think of what you reject—honour, fortune, and the favour of

your sovereign. Say but the word, and these are yours ; whereas, if you persist in your heresy, this very instant will confine you to a convent—to-morrow may immure you in the Bastile."

"Whatever may happen, I will not become an apostate," said Sabine, though unable to conceal her alarm.

"Then I am commanded to convey you instantly to the convent of St. Genevieve," said the Jesuit. "I will allow you a few moments to take leave of your royal mistress, when you must accompany me."

Gratefully acknowledging his courtesy, Sabine hastened to the apartments of the Queen, who had not yet risen, but seeing her favourite enter, called her to the bedside.

"You have heard the sad news, then, Sabine," said Mary, in tones of the deepest sympathy. "I have had a letter from King

Louis, informing me of his intentions; and I fear you are lost, unless you embrace our holy faith. Oh ! do not rashly throw away your happiness and liberty. I speak to you less as a Queen, than a woman, Sabine ; and I entreat you, if not for your own sake, at least for that of your noble suitor, Mr. Moor, not to brave the King's displeasure."

"Do not, oh ! do not, remind me of these things, gracious madam," sobbed Sabine, no longer restraining her emotion. "Believe me, I have thought of this moment through many sad nights; and I am but too sensible of the sacrifice demanded of me. My only hope, under Heaven, is in your majesty's intercession."

"That you shall readily have, though I fear it will be unavailing," answered Mary; "but a day may come when I will not plead in vain."

As she spoke, she drew Sabine to her bosom, and tenderly embraced her. Overwhelmed with grief, and fearing to give further utterance to her feelings, the young lady then bent gracefully before her, and retired.

In a short time, Sabine was ready to accompany Pere la Chaise from the palace; and proceeding to the court-yard, they found the carriage awaiting them, in which they instantly set forth. The journey was a long one; and, as they progressed, the Jesuit assailed Sabine with renewed exhortations to conform to the church of Rome. But Sabine adhered to her resolution, and irritated by what he considered her obstinacy, the good father ultimately became silent. At length, they arrived at the convent; and being admitted to an inner court, were received in the porch by the lady abbess—a tall, thin woman, with an austere

countenance, which offered little encouragement to the dejected Sabine.

After a brief explanation from the Jesuit, the abbess conducted Sabine to a small cell, which she appointed for her lodging ; and recommending her to make religion the subject of her meditations, left her to herself. Soon afterwards, however, a lay sister came to her, and presented her with the controversial works of the Abbé Bossuét and the Bishop of Meaux, which the abbess commanded her to read ; and informing her that she would be examined on the subject in a day or two, the nun retired.

Undisturbed by other visitors, Sabine soon became so absorbed in reflection, that she forgot the task imposed on her. Even the day passed unheeded ; and when, at last, the lay sister reappeared with some refreshments, arousing her from her reverie, she was surprised to find that it was evening. At this

juncture, she was summoned to the apartments of the abbess.

Not doubting that she was about to be questioned respecting the religious tracts, which she had not even looked at, the young lady approached the superior in anxiety and alarm. But these feelings quickly gave way to joy, when, on reaching her apartments, she found her in conference with Saint Leu.

“You are surprised to see me, Sabine?” cried Saint Leu; “but, you see, I did not lose sight of you. You must prepare to leave the convent instantly.”

“Leave the convent!” echoed Sabine. “I have no preparations to make, uncle; and will accompany you at once.”

“It is understood, monsieur, that Madame de Maintenon incurs the whole responsibility of this proceeding,” said the abbess, sternly. “I obey only her positive commands.”

“Her letter will screen you from all censure,” replied Saint Leu. “And with your permission, we will now commence our journey.”

The abbess rang a small silver bell, when the lay sister entered, and receiving some instructions from the abbess, led Sabine and her uncle forth.

IX.

JAMES RESOLVES ON FLIGHT.

It was late in the day before the flight of Mary and the infant Prince was discovered to the royal household ; but scarcely had it transpired at Whitehall, when it became known to the public.

The agents of the Prince of Orange did not neglect such a favourable occasion for promoting his interests. The most monstrous artifices were resorted to for the purpose of inflaming the public mind against

the King, and he was accused of meditating a sweeping vengeance on the people. The reports were as contradictory as they were absurd. It was now said that he intended to set the city on fire, and reduce it to ashes. Then, that an army of Irish Papists was approaching, who were to live at free quarters, and have unbounded licence of pillage. Then, that all Protestants, men, women, and children, were to be slaughtered. Every fresh "invention of the enemy" was greedily swallowed; and the consequence was, that order was at an end. The authorities either kept out of the way, or joined the populace; the shops were all closed; business was at a standstill; and, to complete the confusion, the city was in the hands of the mob.

It was in this conjuncture that the King issued summonses to the chief nobility, requiring them to attend a meeting of the

privy-council. Very few had joined the Prince of Orange, and in the afternoon, when the council met, many were in attendance.

When the King entered, and took his seat at the council-board, his appearance excited general sympathy. His countenance bore the impress of rooted grief; his figure, usually erect, was bowed; his gaze was unsettled; and his step unsteady. There was a pause. For a moment, party-spirit disappeared. Loyal sorrow seized the spectators; but no one seemed inclined to give expression to his feelings. At length, silence was broken by the Earl of Nottingham.

“We have been called together, in this adverse condition of affairs, to offer our humble advice to your majesty,” he said. “If I may venture an opinion, the first thing to be considered is, how to restore

peace to the kingdom. I should be loth to propose anything offensive, but I think the best way of effecting this object, is to open a negotiation with the Prince of Orange."

"Tush!" cried Viscount Dundee, impatiently. "The best way, and, indeed, the only way, is to force the invader to a battle. Victory must be ours."

"But his majesty cannot rely on his troops," insinuated Halifax, who had privately signified his adhesion to the Prince of Orange.

"I cannot, I cannot," faltered James. "Otherwise I would lead them on at once."

"Your majesty is mistaken," said Dundee, warmly. "I have this moment come from the army, and will answer for its devotion to you."

"I verily believe that the fidelity of the troops is unshaken, my liege," observed

the Count de Roye. "I say—fight by all means."

"Your assurances change my opinion," cried Nottingham. "I thought the army could not be relied on, or I would not recommend his majesty to be the first to negotiate. If the army is faithful, I say advance; and should we even be defeated, his majesty will be in as good a position as he is now."

"Not so," said Halifax. "Now we have at least the name of an army; and this will be an advantage in treating for peace."

"Unquestionably," cried Lord Godolphin, who was also a secret adherent of the Prince of Orange. "I humbly implore your majesty to give this point the gravest consideration. Let us first restore peace, and we can settle other things afterwards."

"There is no help for it," said James, who, notwithstanding the assurances of his

officers, still doubted the army. "But on what terms will the peace be framed?"

"Since your majesty does me the honour to adopt my advice," said Halifax, "I have no doubt, if I have sufficient authority, that I shall be able to negotiate a treaty which will be satisfactory to you. I have had considerable experience in your majesty's counsels, and my position in this kingdom must give my representations weight with the Prince of Orange. Should you think well of it, you know enough of me, I trust, to be assured that I shall have regard only to your interest."

"I am well assured of it, my lord," answered James; "and I hereby invest you with the authority you require. Lord Godolphin shall accompany you. You can go to the Prince of Orange as my joint-commissioners, but I reserve to myself the power of ratifying or annulling your nego-

ciation. Lose no time in setting forth. To-morrow the council will meet again, and we shall expect to hear from you."

"If possible, we will communicate with you, my liege," replied Halifax; "for the enemy, I hear, has now advanced to Maidenhead."

James arose, bowed to the assembly, and passed with a faltering step out of the room.

In the ante-chamber he found Moor, and motioning the young man to follow him, entered his cabinet. But here, throwing himself into a chair, he sank into a reverie, in which he soon forgot everything but his sorrows.

For a time he sat perfectly still, but as he continued brooding over his situation, exclamations escaped him. At last he gave way to a passionate burst of grief, and in broken accents, exclaimed, "God help me! God help me! Even my own children have forsaken me!"

Greatly touched, Moor threw himself at his feet, and besought him to shake off his despondency. The King regarded him in silence for a moment, and then, taking him by the hand, raised him up.

"I will tell you my determination," he said, glancing anxiously around. "I am betrayed on every side, and if I remain here, they will place me in the hands of my enemy. The prisons of kings are the stepping stones to the scaffold. But I will not be taken alive. I have arranged with Sir Edward Hales to engage me a means of conveyance to France ; and I am resolved to fly to-night. You must go to Sir Edward, and concert with him what is to be done."

"I implore your majesty to abandon this scheme," cried Moor, again sinking on his knee before him. "I conjure you, by your love for your royal son, not to think of

leaving the kingdom. If you do, you lose your crown for ever, and deprive him of his future rights."

"I know your devotion for me, but in this instance you are wrong !" cried James. "My mind is made up, and do not distress me by further opposition to my will. Arrange with Sir Edward to be here at midnight, and I will be ready to accompany you."

"Since your determination is fixed, my liege," sighed Moor, "I will do my utmost to forward your design."

With this he pressed the King's hand to his lips, and withdrew.

James remained some time in gloomy meditation. Throughout the day, indeed, he had been moody and abstracted, and the tidings brought to him, every now and then, by his emissaries, increased his dejection. He became distrustful of every one, and even feared that an attempt might be made

upon his life. The flight of the Queen, and his own evident uneasiness, raised a suspicion among the household that he intended to follow her, and every one watched him. This led the unhappy monarch to believe that a scheme was on foot to betray him to the enemy, and in this frame of mind, he looked with impatience for the moment when he was to take his departure.

In order to lull the suspicions of the household, he retired to bed at ten o'clock; and so exhausted was he by the fatigue he had lately sustained, that he speedily dropped asleep. After a time, he was aroused by footsteps, and starting up, in alarm (for he was still haunted by a fear of assassination), he found Moor and Sir Edward Hales by his bed-side.

“I have prepared everything for your departure, my liege,” said Sir Edward; “but as you have given me such short

notice, we shall have to ride nearly fifty miles before we reach the vessel. Perhaps, therefore, you would prefer waiting till we can bring her round to Gravesend."

"By no means!" cried James, quickly. "I will accompany you at once."

With the assistance of Moor and Hales he was soon disguised in the plain travelling garb of an ordinary gentleman, and, when about to quit the room, he caught up a small velvet bag from the table, and gave it to Moor. They then turned to a secret passage, by which Moor and Hales had previously entered the chamber, and traversing it, finally arrived at the Stone Gallery.

It was profoundly dark, but a ruddy glare was seen in the sky, like the reflection of a great fire. At the same time, a sullen roar was heard, evidently proceeding from a tumultuous mob at a distance.

Scarcely venturing to look round, James

followed his companions to the garden. They had proceeded but a short distance down the walk, when they heard footsteps, and the officer of the night was seen approaching, attended by a file of the guard, with whom he was going the rounds. James and Hales were about to retreat, but before they could do so, Moor interposed, and being at this moment challenged by the officer, they saw that it was too late to escape, and suffered their young companion to advance and give the password.

Moor remained with the officer till he was joined by James and Hales, when he was moving forward, but the officer stopped them.

“I am not quite satisfied yet!” said the latter. “My orders are positive. No one is to be here after eleven o’clock, and it is now past twelve.”

“But I have given you the countersign,” replied Moor.

“True,” answered the officer. “But that is not enough. You must come with me to the officer of the guard.”

“Impossible!” cried Sir Edward Hales, foreseeing that discovery would ensue. “We are engaged on business of the King’s.”

At this moment a resource suggested itself to Moor.

“Our orders are to proceed with the utmost despatch, in token of which we are entrusted with his majesty’s signet,” he said. And turning to James, he added, “Let the officer see the authority, sir.”

Drawing the ring from his finger, James handed it in silence to the officer, who calling forward a man with a flambeau, examined it attentively, and then gave it back to the King. Raising the light, he looked earnestly in the King’s face, but James turned away his head, and it seemed

that he escaped recognition. The officer, however, still hesitated.

“I suppose I must let you pass,” he said, at length. “But I should be better satisfied if you would go with me to the captain of the guard.”

“You will detain us at your peril,” cried Moor, moving forward.

James and Sir Edward followed, and the officer remained stationary for a moment, as if undecided what to do, and then hastened to communicate with the captain of the guard.

Meanwhile, the King and his companions reached the gate, and having given the countersign to the sentinel, the man suffered them to unlock the gate and pass out. The King cast a glance at the palace, and then, with a sigh, hurried on with his companions, thinking it would be long before

he would again inhabit the halls of his ancestors.

He was mistaken. Fate willed that he should return sooner than he expected.

X.

HOW THE KING REACHED EMLEY-FERRY.

ON arriving at Parliament-street, the fugitive monarch found a hackney-coach awaiting him, which he entered with his companions.

Passing down Abingdon-street, and the Horseferry-road, the vehicle soon arrived at Millbank, where the party alighted, and descended a flight of steps to the river. Here two watermen were in attendance, who assisted them into a boat, and then,

with an indifference which shewed that they had no suspicion of the rank of their passengers, rowed off.

The boat shot out rapidly into the stream, the whole party maintaining a profound silence. As they reached the mid-current, James asked Moor in a whisper for the velvet bag he had given him, and receiving it, drew forth a large seal, and cast it into the river.

“What have you done, my liege?” asked Moor, in an anxious whisper.

“I have deprived the usurper of the great seal of England,” replied James, in the same tone. “Without it no public act is complete.”

With this he fixed his eyes on the darkling current, and sank into his former reverie.

Shortly afterwards the boat reached Vauxhall-stairs, and landing, the King and

his two companions made their way to the road, where a groom was in waiting with three powerful horses, which they mounted without delay.

The party made good progress, and the King seemed to gain confidence. Spurring on, they soon reached St. George's Fields, and shaped their course along the Kent Road for Blackheath. Arrived there, they pushed on for Woolwich Common, and so on towards Woolpeck.

Scarcely a word was spoken on the road. It was a weary, weary night; but morning began at last to dawn. Then came broad daylight; smoke curled from the chimneys of road-side cottages; labourers began to appear in the fields; and, in a word, day, and all its bustling cares, had fairly opened.

Pushing on, the fugitives crossed the Medway at Ailesford Bridge, and soon afterwards arrived at a small inn, about

two miles from Feversham, where, as it was thought expedient to avoid the appearance of having travelled any distance, Sir Edward Hales, whose seat was a few miles off, near Canterbury, had ordered a relay of horses to be in attendance. Alighting, James and Sir Edward entered the inn, intending to procure some refreshment, while Moor remained on guard at the door.

Though he was very ingeniously disguised, Sir Edward soon began to fear that he should be recognised by the host, who, however, took great pains, by his indifferent manner, to impress him with a contrary opinion. No sooner, however, was the crafty landlord released from attendance on his guests, than he hastened to an upper chamber, where a sturdy fellow in the garb of a sailor, but having the appearance of a smuggler, was lying on a truckle-bed asleep, and seizing him by the arm, aroused him.

"They 've come, Ben Ames," he said.

"Who 're come?" cried the other, scarcely awake.

"Why, them as the horses is waitin' for, to be sure," replied the landlord. "One on 'em 's the papisher, Sir Ed'ard Ales, and if I 'm anythin' of a judge, t'other 's Father Petre."

"You don't say so?" cried the sailor, starting to his feet.

"Yes, but I do," returned the host. "But make haste, Ben, and get the crew together, and then make off to Emley-ferry. Depend on it, they 're goin' aboard that there 'oy."

"We 'll see if they do," answered Ames, with a grin.

So saying, he slapped a small tarpaulin hat on his ugly head and hurried out of the room, leaving the host to follow at his leisure.

After a brief interval James and Hales, learning from Moor that the horses were ready, came forth, and rode off to Fever-sham.

The streets of the little town were by this time astir with the inhabitants, and, as is usual in country places, they were much stared at; but no one seemed to recognise them, and quitting the town, they spurred along the high road to the ferry. They had not gone above a mile, when they were alarmed by a loud shout, and looking round perceived a large mob approaching, who were evidently bent on arresting them. But before this could be accomplished, they reached the ferry, and as a boat was awaiting them, they instantly embarked, leaving their horses with a servant of Sir Edward's, who mounted one of them, and galloped off in the opposite direction.

Pushing off, the boat made towards a

clumsy-looking one-masted vessel, lying in the middle of the river, and arrived alongside of her just as the mob reached the ferry. The captain and a boy, who, with the two men in the boat, constituted the crew, observing the approach of the mob, began to unfurl the mainsail, while James, with the adroitness of a sailor, clambered up the ship's side to the deck, followed by his two companions and the boatmen.

The mob on shore now shouted to them to surrender, while several parties sprang into boats, and put off for the hoy. The master had by this time spread the mainsail, but he had yet to raise the anchor, and it was clear that before he could effect that object, the boats would be able to board him. Foreseeing what would happen, Moor caught up a hatchet from the deck, and at one blow severed the hempen cable. At

the same moment, James ordered the jib to be hoisted. A fresh breeze caught the sails, and the vessel bore away, amidst a loud hurrah from the crew.

XI.

REVERSES.

THE boats pulled on in the wake of the hoy for some time, but finding they lost way, ultimately gave up the chase. Their leader, however, had no intention of relinquishing the pursuit.

"This can't last long," he cried to his men. "The breeze is a-freshenin'. It 'll soon blow a gale, and she 's too light on her heels to stand it out. So they 'll have to heave-to afore they gets to the Nore."

“We ’ll be down upon ’em, then, in a jiffy,” replied one of his comrades.

“Ay, ay, we ’ll be aboard on ’em afore long,” returned Ames. “I ’ll tell you how to manage it.”

So saying he jumped ashore, and the others gathered round him, while he proceeded to disclose his design.

In the mean time, the hoy made all sail down the river, a reach of which soon hid her from view. Favoured by wind and tide, she went along steadily for some time, but as Ames had predicted, the breeze began to freshen, and it became necessary to take in a reef in the mainsail. As the day wore on, the wind became more violent, and they were obliged to lower the topmast, and take in another reef. Still the bulgy vessel, having her hold almost empty, and being built to carry a heavy cargo, rolled about like a tub, now on one side, now on the

other; and as evening drew on, the master declared that it would be dangerous to proceed without more ballast. Too much of a seaman not to be sensible that this opinion was correct, James, though he dreaded delay, consented to heave-to for the night at Sheerness, whither they arrived just as it became dusk.

A new cable having been reeved, the vessel came to an anchor, when the master went ashore, and made arrangements for receiving the necessary ballast at daybreak. Meanwhile, James and Sir Edward Hales kept close to the cabin, and as the night advanced, being overcome with fatigue, laid down in their clothes on the lockers, leaving Moor to keep watch. The master and the crew betook themselves to the steerage, and worn out with the exertions of the day, likewise threw themselves on the deck, and were soon asleep.

It was midnight. All was still, and as he kept watch in the cabin, Moor suffered his thoughts to wander from the King to Sabine, cheering himself with the hope that he would soon see the latter again. Suddenly he heard a plashing in the water, and listening intently, he thought he could distinguish a step on the deck. Should he awaken Sir Edward Hales, or would it not be better to ascertain first, if there was any ground for the alarm? With a noiseless step he hastened out of the cabin, and crept up the hatchway to the deck. Arrived there, he was about to spring to his feet, when he was seized by three or four men, and though he made a desperate resistance, was bound hand and foot. But shouting at the top of his voice, he aroused the King and Sir Edward Hales, and made them sensible of their danger.

Sir Edward sprang to the cabin door, but

before he could shut it, Ames leaped down the hatchway and forced himself in.

“Now, Sir Edward, it’s no use makin’ a piece of work,” said the ruffian. “Better be quiet about it.”

“You know me!” answered Hales, perceiving that resistance would indeed be useless, for three or four men, armed with hangers and pistols, had crowded into the hatch, and others were seen above. “What authority have you for this interference?”

“You’ll be told all that when you gets back to Feversham,” answered Ames, with a derisive laugh. “But who’s your ship-mate here? He’s very like a priest. I’m blessed if it ain’t that black-muzzled Father Petre himself.”

Exclamations broke from his confederates in the hatchway, and others on the deck, hearing of the supposed capture, gave a cheer.

“Hush!” said Sir Edward to Ames in a low tone. “Send your companions away, and I will have some talk with you.”

Ames ordered the men in the hatch to go on deck, and then sullenly awaited Sir Edward’s proposal.

“You will gain nothing by taking us on shore,” said Sir Edward. “Name the price of our liberty, and I will pay it you.”

“Did you ever catch a weasel asleep?” replied Ames, with a knowing wink. “Why, all you ’ve got ’s mine, so I needn’t name no price. But come, hand out the blunt, and I ’ll see what ’s to be done.”

James produced a purse of gold.

Ames eagerly snatched the purse, and finding it weightier than he expected, expressed his satisfaction by a low whistle. At the same time he received another purse from Sir Edward Hales.

“Well, I ’ll see if I can get you off now,”

he said. "Keep quiet a bit, and I'll come down again."

With this he went out of the cabin, and mounted to the deck.

Some time elapsed, and as he did not return, James became extremely uneasy. At last, Sir Edward Hales determined to go in search of him, and was issuing forth with that view, when he discovered that the hatch above was fastened down. They were prisoners!

There was now considerable bustle overhead. Presently they found that the capstan was manned, and they heard the anchor heaved up, after which there was a rush of feet upon deck, followed by the hauling of ropes, and cries of "hoy—hoy" from a dozen voices, and it became apparent that the ship was under sail.

James now felt sure that his captor had no intention of liberating him. Could it be

possible that he had any suspicion of his real rank? Be that as it might, he could not hope long to escape recognition, and there was no doubt that he would then be given up to the invader. The possibility of such an event filled him with horror. Still dwelling upon it, his mind became a prey to the most harrowing reflections. At one moment he thought of the fate of his father, and saw himself dragged before a packed tribunal, and condemned to the block. Then he meditated on the secret murders perpetrated by usurpers, and shuddered at the terrible picture which his imagination conjured up of the dreadful end of the second Richard, and the mysterious disappearance of Edward the Fifth. Claspings his hands together, he fervently thanked heaven that his Queen and child were in safety.

From these gloomy thoughts he sank into a deep reverie, in which he remained plunged

for several hours, taking no notice of Sir Edward, and unconscious that the night was fast waning. At length day dawned, and shortly afterwards the vessel was brought to an anchor.

Aroused by an increased stir on deck, James supposed that he would now learn something of his destination, but a considerable interval elapsed before any one appeared. At last the hatch was raised, and Ames presented himself.

"They won't let you go," he said to Sir Edward, whom he still mistook for the principal personage. "I gave 'em all the money, but it wouldn't do. They says as how you must be took afore the mayor."

Both his auditors heard this intelligence with consternation, but before they could reply, they were joined by Moor, who, on the intercession of Ames, had been allowed to leave the deck.

“They have brought us back to Fever-sham,” he whispered to James. “It is impossible to resist, and it will be better to appear resolute and unconcerned.”

James made a gesture of assent, and they all followed Ames to the deck. Here they found about thirty fellows, half-fishermen, half-smugglers, who received them with jeers and laughter, but, on a word from Ames, they became more orderly. A boat was alongside, manned with an armed crew; and Ames directing the three prisoners to jump into it, they obeyed, and their captor following, the boat instantly pushed for the shore.

A great crowd had collected here, embracing a mixture of the town's-folk and country-people, with many fishermen and their wives, who set up a shout as the boat drew nigh, calling for instant vengeance on the Papists. As the boat touched the beach, the mob made a rush forward, intending to

drag the prisoners out, but they were kept back by the crew; and, thus protected, James and his companions stepped ashore. But they were now assailed with a shower of oyster-shells, and other missiles, mixed with mud, while the most virulent abuse was poured in their ears, and so violent did the rabble become, that they expected every moment to be torn in pieces.

Moor kept close to the King, ready to sacrifice his life in his defence. Strange to say, James was quite composed. His face was, indeed, pale as marble, but his look and step were resolute, and Moor thought he had never looked so much a King as at that moment.

At this juncture an old sailor, making his way through the crowd, caught a glimpse of the monarch, and, uttering a loud cry, he burst between two of his captors, and threw himself at his feet.

“It is, it is my gracious sovereign!” he cried. “Oh! my liege, what can have brought you to such a pass as this?”

The effect of this incident was as surprising as it was instantaneous. A confused murmur arose from the mob, and then they all became hushed. The men who had captured the King fell respectfully back. James himself was so touched by the sailor’s loyalty, that his eyes filled with tears.

“Thank Heaven!” he exclaimed, after a pause, “I have one faithful subject left.”

He had more than one. No sooner was he recognised, than the mob became ashamed of their violence; and when it was perceived that he was in tears, no words can describe the reaction that took place. Every one immediately uncovered; many burst into tears; others threw themselves on their knees, and implored his pardon; and not a few fer-

vently commended him to the protection of Heaven.

“As for me, your majesty,” cried Ames, who was much affected, “I hope you ’ll order me to be hung; but I’ll take my Bible oath, that if I’d know’d it was your majesty, I’d never have touched a penny of your money. Howsumdever, there it is all back again.”

And drawing forth the purse, he laid it at the King’s feet.

“No, no; keep it,” replied James, “and divide it with your men here; and I hope you ’ll all drink my health.”

“That we will, and success to your majesty,” cried a dozen voices. And loud cheers arose.

James cast a wistful look at the hoy; but a moment’s reflection assured him, that in his present situation, it would be extremely hazardous to shew any intention

of resuming his flight. Walking up the street, he came to a small inn, the landlord of which was standing at the door, together with the hostess, and their buxom daughter, and as the King was worn out with anxiety and fatigue, he entered the little hostelry, while the landlord remained as a sentinel at the door. But the latter was not called upon for any exercise of his authority; for, though the people remained in front of the house, no one attempted to enter. All seemed to respect the temporary asylum of the monarch.

James at once retired to a bedchamber, and having had little repose during the whole of the two preceding nights, soon fell asleep. Sir Edward Hales stationed himself on a chair at the door, and, after repeated efforts to keep awake, became as unconscious as his master.

It was noon before the King arose, when

his first inquiry was for Moor, who was nowhere to be found. James became uneasy, and after a conference with Sir Edward Hales as to how they should proceed, it was determined that they should repair to Sir Edward's seat, Hales Place, near Canterbury, and thence make their way to some other part of the coast, where they could procure a passage to France.

Leaving James in his chamber, Sir Edward proceeded in search of the host, with the view of procuring some means of conveyance to their contemplated asylum, but he shortly afterwards returned, and informed the King that they were prisoners.

"Alas!" exclaimed James. "What small dependence can be placed on the mob."

"The mob are not to blame in this instance, my liege," cried Sir Edward, "I believe they are not aware you are under

restraint. But the mayor is a violent partisan of the invader, and he has surrounded the house with militia, and will not allow any one to go forth."

At this moment the door opened, and a burly, vulgar-looking man stepped in. He was pushing rudely forward, without shewing any respect for the King's presence, when a severe look from James arrested him.

"Very sorry, your majesty, but I can't let you go away," he said, surprised into a degree of deference. "But I've sent to tell the Prince of Orange you're here, and directly his highness's orders come, I'll bring 'em to you."

"How, sir," cried James, angrily, "do you dare to talk of the prince's orders to me? Do you forget that I am the King."

Exasperated at the assumed superiority of the fallen monarch, whom he had ex-

pected to find all submission, the mayor's face became purple with rage.

"No I don't recognise you, James Stuart, as King," he said. "At any rate, you are not going to order here. You'll be kept in custody till the Prince sends directions about you—strict custody."

"Ha, dog! ha, traitor!" cried a fierce voice behind him.

And Moor seized him by the throat, and hurled him backwards.

"Base-minded wretch!" he exclaimed, "I arrest you for high treason," And turning towards the King, he added, "I have brought Lord Winchelsea, the Lord-lieutenant of the county, to your majesty's assistance. His lordship is now below with a strong force of the yeomanry, who have taken possession of the town."

On hearing these words, the miserable mayor, terrified out of his senses, crept on

his knees towards James, and abjectly implored pardon. James reprimanded him severely, but though Sir Edward Hales recommended him to send the offender to prison, he inflicted no further punishment on him than dismissal from his office.

At this juncture, the Earl of Winchelsea entered, and hurrying forward, was about to fall at the King's feet, but James caught him by both his hands, and embraced him.

"Your majesty is at liberty to go whither you please," said Winchelsea. "But," he added, lowering his voice, "I implore you not to leave the kingdom."

"For Heaven's sake, my liege, listen to his lordship's advice," entreated Moor. "Let us return to Whitehall."

"I dare not!" cried James, with a look of distraction. "I shall be torn in pieces by the mob."

"At least let me ride up to town, and

ascertain the feelings of the people," urged Moor. "I will undertake to be back by to-morrow night."

"Go, then," said the King, "and inform the Lord Mayor how I am situated. Farewell!"

Repressing his emotion, Moor hastened from the room, and found his horse at the inn-door. Making his way through a knot of militia officers, and a mixed throng of yeomanry and civilians, he galloped off in the direction of London.

XII.

THE FATE OF MAUVESIN.

WILD-HOUSE, the residence of the Spanish ambassador, was a spacious and stately mansion, a little removed from Drury-lane, whence it was approached by a great gateway and court.

In an upper chamber of this mansion, on a bed of state, lay a wounded man, whose face, inflamed from fever, was rendered yet more unsightly by an expression of rage and disappointment.

“Fool!” he exclaimed, to a short, sullen-looking man, seated at the bed-side; “how could you suffer them to escape you? You might have been sure it was the Queen and her child.”

“I’m no more to blame than Johnstone,” answered Snewin—for he it was. “He had two better chances than I had—one at the Horseferry and t’other at London Bridge. But he let ’em slip, and Moor too.”

“Curses on you both for your clumsiness,” groaned Lord Mauvesin. “But for my wound, I should have been on the spot myself, and she would not have escaped *me*. Perdition seize the hand that fired the shot against me. My veins seem on fire, and racking pains shoot through every joint, if I move.”

“Then why don’t you keep quiet?” said Snewin, brutally.

“Ha! do you dare to caution me, villain?” cried Mauvesin, his eyes kindling with fury.

“Wot if I do?” returned Snewin, leaning forward in his chair, with an air of defiance.

“Wot if I do?”

“You presume upon my helpless situation, you cowardly hound,” cried Mauvesin, gnashing his teeth with impotent rage.

“I shan’t have long to be feared of you,” jeered Snewin; “not long.”

“What do you mean, villain?” shrieked Mauvesin, starting up in the bed, but instantly falling back on his pillow. “I know what you would insinuate. But it’s false! I can’t—I won’t die.”

“Keep quiet, and it’ll be better for you,” said Snewin. “But, to make all square and right, you’d better settle your worldly accounts. You recollect the letter I stole for you from Lord Nottingham. That job

wasn't half paid for, and if I was to tell, you'd lose all—that is, if you recover.”

“That letter was burnt,” said Mauvesin.

“No, it warn't,” cried Snewin. “No, it warn't.”

Mauvesin looked hard at him for a moment, and then burst into a hoarse laugh, but the excitement renewing the pain of his wound, his laughter gave way to execrations, and he became so furious, and shouted so loud, that the noise was heard in the adjoining room by his valet, who rushed in alarm into the chamber, just as Snewin, perceiving that he had become delirious, was about to summon assistance.

With a half-suppressed smile of great significance, the constable quitted the room, leaving the sufferer in care of his valet. On his way out of the house, Snewin found the various chambers and passages crowded with

packages and boxes, and, on inquiry, learned from an incautious domestic, that they contained plate and other valuable property, belonging to certain wealthy Catholics, who, fearing that their houses might be attacked by the populace, had brought all their moveable treasure to Wild House, and confided it to the care of the ambassador. Snewin's eyes sparkled as he thought of the vast plunder which these stores would furnish. The city was in the hands of the mob, and as Don Pedro was a Catholic, and an infuriated rabble were not very likely to pay respect to his sacred character of ambassador, it would be easy to incite them to attack his house. Full of this scheme he hastened forth, and proceeded in search of Kit Clench.

Night had now closed in. There were few persons in the streets, and those few hurried along as if they were in mo-

mentary expectation of being stopped and plundered. Calling a link-boy, who was loitering near the mansion, Snewin made his way to Duke-street, and thence to Lincoln's-inn-fields.

As he approached the latter locality, a loud clamour saluted his ear. A red reflection in the sky denoted an extensive conflagration; and presently he came in sight of a Catholic chapel enveloped in flames. An infuriated mob, collected in front of the structure, shouted with frantic joy as they watched the progress of the destroying element; and as Snewin drew nigh, two stuffed effigies, swinging from a gibbet, fixed on a long pole, and representing the Pope and Father Petre, were exhibited to the mob, and then, amidst demoniacal yells, cast into the flames. Scarcely had this been done, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, while the

interior of the building presented one body of fire.

Making his way with difficulty through the crowd, Snewin found Clench in the foremost rank, and when he had informed him of the treasures deposited in the house of the Spanish ambassador, it required but little persuasion to win the Duke of Alsatia to his scheme. His intentions were promptly communicated to the various ringleaders, and in a few minutes the whole multitude were bending their steps up Drury-lane.

A fearful shout warned the inmates of Wild House of their intention to attack it. Resolving not to yield without a blow, Don Pedro Ronquillo called his household together, and leaving the lower part of the house, which was well secured by doors and shutters, posted them on the upper floor, whence they could use their fire-arms with more effect. Scarcely had he completed

this arrangement when a shower of stones and brickbats were poured on the house, demolishing every window, and, at the same time, a general rush was made at the door, during which several of the rioters were knocked down and trampled to death. In the midst of the horrid yells uttered by these sufferers, and the vociferations of those around them, Don Pedro presented himself at an upper window, intending to exhort the mob to retire. But he was no sooner discerned than a tremendous outcry arose, while missiles were hurled at him from every quarter, forcing him to make a hasty retreat through the window. But still unwilling to resort to violence, and hoping to intimidate the besiegers, the good-natured ambassador ordered his servants to use only blank cartridges, and a volley was accordingly fired, which was received by the mob with derision. Don Pedro then

reluctantly changed his plan, and a shower of bullets was rained among the besiegers. But it soon became apparent that their vastly superior force must overcome all resistance. The gallant Spaniard, however, held out as long as possible, and only at the last moment he gave orders for a retreat, and his little corps made their escape, by an outlet at the back of the house, leading to Covent Garden.*

The mob rushed in a body into the house. The costly furniture, the rich hangings of the windows, the rare paintings, the statues, bronzes, vases, porcelain, shells, and articles of *vertu*, of which the ambassador had an unrivalled collection, were torn down, trodden under foot, broken, and scattered about. Some rushed with wild outcries to the cellars, where, while

* Don Pedro Ronquillo was afterwards indemnified for his loss by a grant from Parliament.

they drained the produce of some of the choicest vintages of Spain, they suffered the rich wine to flow in streams over the ground. Others ransacked closets and cabinets, fighting for the contents ; but the majority busied themselves with the boxes and packages in the various rooms, and which disappeared with surprising rapidity.

Lying powerless in bed, Lord Mauvesin had been an astounded auditor of this extraordinary tumult. Unable, at first, to account for it, he rang for his valet, and then shouted till he was hoarse, but without receiving an answer. In the confusion, he was forgotten, and Don Pedro left the house without him.

The appalling din which followed the capture of the mansion left him in no doubt as to what had happened, and he expected every moment to be visited by the mob.

But his expectations were not realized. The clamour drew nearer and nearer; he even heard voices in the adjoining room; but no one penetrated further. Nearly half-an-hour passed, and his suspense was becoming intolerable, when he became sensible that the apartment was filling with smoke. A fearful suspicion flashed across his mind, and the next moment it was confirmed. A tremendous outcry was raised below; a sharp, crackling noise was heard; the mansion was on fire!

Aghast at the idea, he made a desperate effort to rise. A bright red glare now shone through the window, rendering the chamber as light as day for an instant, when a volume of smoke rolled up, involving everything in darkness. The flames were heard raging in the room beneath; the atmosphere became suffocating; and, gasping for breath, with his hair on end,

and almost mad with terror, Mauvesin tottered forward to the door. Crossing the ante-chamber, he reached the corridor, running along the summit of the grand-staircase, from which he could look down into the hall. It was completely lined with fire. The roar of the flames was terrific. They encircled the staircase, burst through the windows, and glided along the ceiling. Affrighted and confused, Mauvesin turned again towards his chamber, determined to leap from the window. But his strength failed him. He caught at the banisters, already on fire; they gave way; and uttering a loud cry, Mauvesin fell headlong into the burning gulf below.

XIII.

HOW JAMES WAS PREVAILED UPON TO RETURN.

WHILE the fire was thus raging, the incendiaries, stimulated by liquor, and made bold by excess, watched it from Drury-lane, rending the air with their outcries. But impatient for more pillage, they grew wearied, and were beginning to separate into small knots, when it was proposed to attack the house of the Lord Chancellor.

“Ay, ay, Jeffreys shall have *his* turn now!” cried Clench. “I owes him a

grudge, for when he sentenced me to the pillory, where my ears were clipped off close to my head, he told me to take a good look at his face, and never forget him; and curse me, if I ever will."

With this, the ruffian was leading the way towards Duke-street, Westminster, where the Chancellor resided, when he accidentally caught sight of a man, who, as it seemed, was trying to avoid him.

"Now, then, who are you, eh, master?" growled Clench, roughly seizing the person, and throwing the light of a link on his face.

The man was habited as a coalheaver. His visage was begrimed with coal-dust; his eyebrows were shaved off; and a large black patch covered his left eye. But the disguise could not baffle Clench; and, uttering a loud whoop, he announced the individual to be no other than the object

of their quest, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys himself.

Wonderful was the clamour and tumult which this discovery excited. The Chancellor stood speechless and motionless, but his terror proved his preservation. Seeing that so exalted a personage had not escaped retribution, Clench was reminded that a day of reckoning might come to himself, and he was suddenly seized with a determination to befriend the Chancellor. But it was not easy to save him from the rabble. Such a rush had been made at him, that those immediately around were in danger of being squeezed to death, and for a moment or two, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could even preserve themselves. But by a free use of their bludgeons they succeeded in driving back the press, and Clench then declared that, to prevent bloodshed, he was resolved to carry their

prisoner to the Lord Mayor. This occasioned another rush at the Chancellor, while the most terrible outcries arose, mingled with imprecations on Clench, but, being surrounded by a select band of adherents, that personage was again victorious. He now seized the Chancellor by the collar, and dragged him on at a quick pace, while his men pressed close behind, brandishing their bludgeons, and keeping up a running fight with the rabble. In this way they reached the city, and hurried up Cheapside, to Guildhall.

A strong body of constables and the city watch were drawn up in front of the hall, but as Clench had despatched a messenger to forewarn them of his approach, they suffered him to pass through with the Chancellor, attended by three or four of his own companions, while the others, uniting with the constables and watchmen, pushed

back the mob. A conflict would probably have ensued, but, at this juncture, a horseman made his appearance in the square, and endeavouring to force his way through the multitude, their fury was diverted to him. Uttering a terrific yell, the nearest ruffians were on the point of tearing him from his horse, but Moor—for he it was—spurred the animal sharply, and its plunges soon cleared a space around him, while he shouted out—“A messenger! a messenger for the Lord Mayor!”

The constables and guard caught the words, and rushed forward to his aid. Taken by surprise, the mob broke aside, opening a passage for Moor, and the constables instantly surrounding him, he forced his way forward, and in another moment sprung from his horse, and entered the hall.

When the flight of the King became known, Sir John Eyles, the Lord Mayor, summoned

the principal noblemen then in London to Guildhall, to form a committee of public safety; and with this view, the Earls of Nottingham, Ailesbury, Melfort, Arran, Dumbarton, Feversham, and Lichfield, with Lords Mulgrave, Dundee, and Preston, were now assembled in the council-room. The Lord Mayor was about to join them, when the city chamberlain called him into the great hall. At this moment the door was thrown open, and Clench entered, dragging in Jeffreys, while a knot of ruffians, armed with bludgeons, followed, displaying traces of the recent conflict in their broken heads and bleeding faces.

Much alarmed, the Lord Mayor demanded the meaning of the interruption.

"I caught him in the street, and he'd have been torn into ten thousand morsels if I hadn't brought him here," cried Clench. "But mayhap you don't know him my lord. It's the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys."

“The Lord Chancellor!” cried Sir John Eyles, with a look of dismay; “that strange object, the Lord Chancellor! Impossible!”

“’Tis he, indeed, my Lord Mayor,” replied Jeffreys, in a woful tone.

“Take him into yon inner room,” said the Lord Mayor, quickly. “I will join you on the instant, my lord, and provide means for your safety. You and your fellows shall be well rewarded,” he added to Clench.

As the Chancellor disappeared, Moor entered the hall; and having disclosed his mission to the Lord Mayor, the latter led him to the council-room, where his intelligence was received with transport, and the King’s letter was read again, and again drawing tears from the chivalrous Dundee.

“His majesty must be invited to return,” said Nottingham, at length. “Had he not left us, all would have been well.”

"It is not yet too late," cried Dundee.

"Fortunately it is not," said Feversham.

"I will place myself at the head of the Guards, and bring him back."

"You must not incur this grave responsibility alone," said Ailesbury. "We will all sign a petition to his majesty, imploring him to return."

The proposition was received with applause, and Nottingham, as president, was instructed to draw up the document, which done, and approved by the assembly, it was signed by each nobleman.

"We must now take measures to disabuse the public mind, and restore order," said Nottingham.

"That will be easily done," said Ailesbury. "I have already sent emissaries among the Dissenters, who will refute the slanderous reports raised by his majesty's enemies; and when the truth is

known, I am confident there will be a reaction."

"If not, a few dragoons will restore quiet," cried Dundee, whose affrays with the Scottish Covenanters had failed to convey a warning.

"There is no need of bloodshed," said Melfort. "The best way is to refute calumnious reports, and restore the public confidence in his majesty."

"That is the only course we can pursue," observed Nottingham. "The Archbishop of Canterbury shall issue an address on the subject. Meanwhile, Lord Feversham can proceed in quest of the King."

"With your lordships' permission I will precede Lord Feversham, and stay his majesty," cried Moor.

The council approving of his determination, a fresh horse was ordered for him, which was soon in readiness; and having in

the interim refreshed himself with a draught of wine and some cold viands, Moor departed secretly from Guildhall, and riding round Basinghall-street to London-bridge, shaped his course towards Feversham.

During his absence James had been labouring under the greatest anxiety. Sensible that those who had been the strenuous opponents of his policy were now in the ascendant, he had little hope that Moor's mission would be attended with satisfactory results. How could he look for favour from his adversaries, when he had been deserted and betrayed by the creatures of his bounty? And how humiliating would it be to return to a capital, where he had ruled with almost despotic power, a suppliant and a prisoner! In his mind's eye, he already saw himself in the hands of the insolent mob, and conjured up,

in anticipation, a parallel to the scene described by the poet—

When rude, misgoverned hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

Revolving such gloomy thoughts throughout the night, without obtaining the least rest, he arose in the morning with the determination of making another attempt to escape.

No less dejected than himself, Sir Edward Hales shared his fears, and agreeing to the project, lost no time in making the necessary preparations. After a brief interval, he returned to the King, and informed him that all was ready; and muffling himself in a cloak, James followed him to the inn-yard, whence they proceeded by a back-way to the road, unquestioned by the sentinel at the gate, who supposed them to be two of the royal attendants.

Passing at the back of some fishermen's

cottages, they came to a field, which they hastily crossed, and emerging on the high-road, found a servant in waiting with two horses. Mounting them, they were about to spur forward, when Moor galloped up, and recognising the King, drew the rein.

“I have brought your majesty good news,” he cried, uncovering, and suppressing the surprise he felt at the unexpected encounter. Then, without waiting to be questioned, he briefly informed James of the result of his mission.

“I do not see that the news is so very satisfactory, Mr. Moor,” cried Hales. “The council being composed of the Protestant leaders, I cannot recommend his majesty to put himself in their hands.”

“No, no,” cried James. “Their object is to give me up to the invader. Let us ride on. My only hope is in flight.”

“ Oh! do not say so, my liege,” implored Moor. “ The council consists of men, noble and loyal-hearted—who opposed you, indeed, in prosperity, but who will be faithful to you in adversity. I entreat you to accede to their petition, and return to Whitehall.”

James hesitated.

“ You speak of the council as if they possessed supreme power,” he said, at length ; “ but admitting their good intentions, how can they answer for the temper of the people? What impression have you formed from your own observations? Were the citizens anxious for my return?”

“ I confess, my liege, that the false reports spread by your enemies have for a time alienated them from you,” replied Moor. “ Great disorders prevail, and the city is in the hands of the mob, but your return will help to set all things right.”

“ It will more likely end in his majesty’s

destruction," observed Hales. "The experiment is too hazardous."

"I think so," cried James, "and will, therefore, go on."

Seeing further remonstrance was useless, Moor was silent, and, spurring forward, James and his companions soon entered the small town of Sittingbourne, where, as they rode up the High-street, they perceived two dragoons approaching, forming the advance-guard of a whole regiment, which came close behind. James saw at a glance that it would be impossible to escape recognition, and prepared to discover himself.

At this moment, the Earl of Feversham, who rode at the head of the main body, espied Moor, and divining who were his companions, ordered a halt to be sounded. Then riding on, hat in hand, at the head of his staff, he approached the King, and throwing

himself from his horse, as James reined up, fell on his knee before him.

“God save your majesty,” cried the Earl, in a broken voice. “The lords of council, assembled at Guildhall, have entrusted me with a humble petition to you.”

“I know its purport, my lord,” answered James, “and will comply with the wishes of the council. I will return with you at once to London.”

The word was instantly passed for a general salute. The soldiers presented arms ; the trumpeters sounded a stirring flourish ; and in a few minutes the whole cavalcade was moving towards London.

XIV.

THE WELCOME TO WHITEHALL.

THE measures adopted by the council for refuting the reports raised by the King's enemies, which had had such an effect on the populace, were attended with complete success. The mob went from one extreme to the other; and nothing was now heard but expressions of sympathy for the fallen monarch, while a strong feeling of national dislike was roused against his antagonist. Majesty in distress is a touching spectacle,

and the failings of the King were lost in the misfortunes of the man.

The steps taken for the restoration of public tranquillity were ably seconded by the citizens. The great majority of the rioters having been pacified by the representations of the council, became as zealous in behalf of the King as they had previously been eager against him; while those whose only object was plunder, were intimidated by large bodies of special constables, armed with hangers and pistols, who patrolled the streets. But this display of force seemed unnecessary. Public confidence was restored; the shops were all opened; business went on as usual; and no trace remained of the recent disturbances.

At this juncture a proclamation by the council announced the King's intended return, and the intelligence was received by all classes with the liveliest joy. Splendid

preparations were made for the monarch's reception. Triumphal arches were erected in the principal streets; loyal and affectionate sentiments were inscribed on the houses; flags and tapestry were hung from the windows; the craft in the river were gaily decorated with streamers; the bells of the various churches rang forth merry peals; platforms, ornamented with welcoming mottoes, were erected at the best points of view; booths stood in the more roomy thoroughfares, where refreshments of every kind could be procured; and well-dressed crowds filled the streets.

The great press was on London Bridge, and it was with difficulty that a strong force of the guards could keep a passage open in the centre of this narrow thoroughfare. The houses were as crowded as the road; the windows, the roofs, and the very chimney-tops, being occupied with specta-

tors. On the other hand, the agents of the Prince of Orange had spared no pains to get up a demonstration in his favour ; and a hired mob was posted on the city side of the bridge, under the orders of Snewin, who was instructed to raise a disturbance with this view.

Meanwhile, a grand procession passed into Southwark, to meet and welcome the King, whose approach was announced by acclamations, growing louder as he drew nearer. As he came under the gateway of the bridge, the royal standard was hoisted above it ; and this being the preconcerted signal, the Tower guns instantly fired a royal salute. Five hundred gentlemen rode bare-headed in front, followed by the aldermen in their state robes on horseback, while two heralds, in tabards, and a band of trumpeters, also on horseback, made way for the state coaches of the Lord Mayor and

Sheriffs, which were succeeded by a troop of Horse Guards. Next came the members of the council, mounted and arrayed in court-dresses, preceding the royal carriage, drawn by eight white horses, each attended by a groom, and surrounded by the yeomen of the guard, with the Earl of Feversham and a guard of honour bringing up the rear.

Enthusiastic was the joy of the spectators on the appearance of the King. A heart-stirring shout burst from the throng. Men waved flags from the windows of the houses; ladies showered down wreaths of laurel and flowers; children threw up their little caps; and a resistless torrent of enthusiasts rushed on with the carriage, on either side, waving their hats, and rending the air with their huzzas.

In this way the procession reached the city-end of the bridge, when Snewin and

his adherents, uttering cries of "No Popery!" and "Down with the tyrant!" rushed forward, and completely surrounded the royal carriage. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Brandishing their bludgeons and hangers, the Orange party drove back the populace, many of whom were trampled under foot, while others were wounded, and, in the pressure behind, some were crushed to death. The royal grooms were knocked down under the horses' feet; the horses themselves became unmanageable; and the screams of terrified females, and the yells and outcries of the men, constituted a din truly appalling.

For a moment the King was confounded by this unexpected incident, but arousing himself, he started up as if with the intention of ordering a charge upon the assailants. Before he could do so, however,

Moor, who had been seated beside him, caught his arm, and held him back.

“Compose yourself, my liege, I entreat you,” said the young man. “This is some scheme of the invader, and you will frustrate it by remaining still. See!”

As he spoke the Earl of Feversham and the guards surrounded the vehicle, driving the rioters before them, and the next moment the infuriated populace rushed resistlessly in pursuit, overtaking and capturing Snewin. A summary punishment awaited him. While he stood speechless in the throng, livid with fear, and with his eyes starting from their sockets, a stout cord was thrown round his neck, and amidst the fierce yells of the multitude, he was strung up on a neighbouring lamp-post. In his struggles a letter dropped from his vest, which was snatched up by one of the crowd, who instantly disappeared with it.

While the wretched constable thus expiated his numerous offences the royal carriage moved on, and entered the city. Here the procession was joined by deputations from the various city companies, and pursued its way amidst the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the deafening acclamations of the spectators. The King's spirits revived as he proceeded, and he declared himself confident of the affection of the people.

At last the procession arrived at Whitehall, and passing into the great court-yard, the royal carriage halted at the grand entrance. Alighting, James was received by the lords of the council, with heads uncovered, who attended him to the doorway, whence Lord Mulgrave, the lord chamberlain, in his official costume, advanced to meet him. James extended his hand, and sinking on his knee, Mulgrave raised it to his lips.

“Welcome, my liege, to Whitehall,” he said, adding, in a lower voice, “your throne is no longer in danger.”

Raising him up, James embraced him, and stepped into the palace. As he did so, the royal standard was unfurled, and a salute of a hundred guns was fired from the park.

XV.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE retreat of the royal army, and subsequent flight of the King and Queen, withdrew all opposition to the progress of the Prince of Orange. But though apprised of these events, William was so disheartened by the coldness of the people, that he advanced very slowly, and ultimately halted at Windsor, where, fixing his abode in the Castle, he impatiently awaited an invitation from the Lord Mayor and citizens to enter London.

It was evening. William was seated in a state chamber, with an ostentatious display of regal pomp—a circumstance the more remarkable, as he had always been averse to such exhibitions. He was attended by his favourite councillors, Schomberg, Sidney, and Bentinck, together with Lords Halifax and Godolphin.

“The council at Guildhall are taking too much upon themselves,” said William, angrily. “What authority have they for their proceedings?”

“None, except as members of the Privy Council, your highness,” observed Godolphin, “but they have been convoked by the Lord Mayor.”

“For what purpose?” demanded William. “Obviously not for the preservation of the public peace, for the disorders in the city have increased.”

“By advancing and putting an end to

them, your highness would render the city a signal service," urged Halifax.

"Let the citizens invite me then," said William.

"I am of opinion that your highness should not wait for an invitation," cried Schomberg.

"You are wrong," said William, sharply. And turning to Halifax and Godolphin, he said, "I have told you my wishes, my lords. You will do well to see them accomplished."

With this he made a slight inclination of his head, and Halifax and Godolphin withdrew.

"Halifax is at his plots again," muttered William.

"I believe he is sincere in this instance, but I will not answer for some of the others," observed Sidney. "And your highness must excuse me, but your treatment

of them is not calculated to win their regard."

"The treatment is such as they merit," said Schomberg, with a scornful smile.

"I do not fear their defection," returned William, shrugging his shoulders. "They have compromised themselves, and cannot retreat. But who have we here?"

The door was thrown open, and, scarcely waiting for the page to announce him, Halifax hurried in. His countenance betrayed the greatest disorder.

"Bad news! bad news! your highness!" he cried. "The King has been discovered at Feversham, and seized by the mob, who prevented his embarkation."

"Ha!" cried William.

"The worst remains to be told," pursued Halifax. "On hearing of the King's detention, the lords of the council sent to implore his return; and he has entered the city in

a triumphal procession, amidst the acclamations of the people. He is now at Whitehall."

William and his councillors listened to this intelligence in silence, the phlegmatic Bentinck alone exhibiting no trace of surprise or annoyance. After a moment's pause, William motioned Halifax to follow him, and walked out of earshot of the others.

"Your council in this emergency," he said, fixing his eagle eyes on the nobleman. "Ha! you hesitate. I should have thought your lordship could never be at a loss for a scheme."

"I have none suited to the present occasion," replied Halifax, coldly.

"I look to you for the removal of this difficulty, and I would have you know it, my lord," cried William. "You must get the King away again."

“I will do my best,” replied Halifax, “but I will not answer for success. I would recommend your highness to write to the King, directing him to quit London, and fix his residence at Hampton Court ; and I will, if possible, persuade him to go to Rochester, but you must not blame me if I fail.”

“But I shall blame you,” cried William, sharply. “You know my wishes, and I trust you will lose no time in carrying them out.”

Halifax turned away, muttering, “And it is for this thankless man I have betrayed my master.”

As he proceeded down the outer corridor, he heard a hasty step behind him, and turning, perceived Churchill.

“You look disturbed, my lord,” said the latter, coming up. “Surely you are not so much affected by the news from town ;

for, though unexpected, I should hardly think it can peril your dukedom."

"Dukedom!" echoed Halifax. "What mean you, my lord?"

"I heard his highness had rewarded your services with that dignity," smiled Churchill.

"Does your lordship find him so lavish of his favours?" sneered Halifax.

"I—oh! I cannot expect favour," answered Churchill; "but Lord Halifax, the most popular nobleman of England, born, as Dryden says, 'to move assemblies,' is—"

"The same as the gallant Lord Churchill," interrupted Halifax, "the same as every one who is not a Dutchman—nobody."

"Ha! is that your feeling?" said Churchill, pressing his arm. "You are going to town, eh? I will meet you to-night, at twelve, with a few chosen friends, at our rendezvous near Charing-cross."

“Be it so,” replied Halifax, hastily.

With this they parted, and Churchill was pursuing his way up the corridor, when, espying Lord Clarendon ascending a neighbouring staircase, he hastened after him. Before he could reach the landing, however, Clarendon turned down a side passage, and was admitted by a page to an inner chamber.

In this chamber was a young man, of middle stature, wearing the uniform of a colonel of dragoons. He was pacing to and fro, with a hurried and impatient step, but as Clarendon entered, he threw himself into a chair. They were both silent for a moment.

“Well, you see what your fine schemes have brought us to?” said Clarendon, at length. “From being the favourites of a King, we have become the dupes of a would-be usurper, and every one rejoices at our downfall.”

“ You are ready enough to find fault, now you see that nothing is to be gained by it,” answered the other, sulkily ; “ but if the scheme was so deplorable, I wonder you fell into it so eagerly. I did not wish you to forsake the King. On the contrary, it would have been better for us both, if you had remained true to him.”

“ How could I look him in the face, when my son had been the first to desert him ?” demanded Clarendon.

“ I was not aware you were so sensitive,” answered Lord Cornbury, with a bitter smile. “ I was foolish enough to think you took the same view of the matter as myself, and considering the King’s cause irretrievable, sought to curry favour with his rival.”

“ Your language is like your conduct,” returned Clarendon, turning white with shame and anger. “ But a truce to this recrimination. I cannot remain at a court

where I have fallen so low, to be pointed at and derided by every minion in the palace, and it is my intention to demand permission to retire. You must accompany me."

"Yes, when I have paid this Dutchman in his own coin," said Cornbury, fiercely. "Do you think he shall make a fool and a by-word of me? You sneer. But if he is supreme to-day, he shall be low enough to-morrow. The hand that put him up can pluck him down, and that hand is this." And he struck his clenched fist violently on the table.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Clarendon, though his face quivered with rage. "Here's a second Warwick—a new king-maker."

"Hush! hush!" said a third voice.

Starting round, Cornbury perceived Churchill, who, as their whole attention was engrossed by their conversation, had

entered the room unobserved. Cornbury half-drew his sword, and Clarendon uttered an exclamation of terror.

“Calm yourselves, my lords,” said Churchill, with perfect *sangfroid*. “I have accidentally become acquainted with your sentiments, but be assured your secret is safe with me. It is on this very subject I have come to talk with you. But have you heard what has happened in London?”

The two noblemen answered simultaneously in the negative.

“Strange news, indeed,” Churchill then said; and he informed them of the King’s arrest at Feversham, and triumphal return to the capital.

“This makes our situation worse and worse,” cried Clarendon, despondingly; “for if he recovers his power, we shall be attainted.”

“And the invader will purchase terms for

himself by giving us up to him," said Cornbury.

"But suppose we purchase terms by giving up the Dutchman?" returned Churchill. "Suppose, in short, that we return to our allegiance, and assist the King to his own again. Give me your hands upon it, and I will undertake to do it."

"Command me in everything," cried Clarendon, eagerly.

"I will give you both my hand and my sword," cried Cornbury. "I would give my life to be revenged on this Dutch boor."

"You shall have ample vengeance," said Churchill. "Join me in an hour in the Home-park, and we will go off to the King together."

And taking his leave, he proceeded to his own apartments.

As the time appointed for the meeting drew nigh, he hastily equipped himself, and

was descending to the court, when he found the stairs occupied by a guard, one of whom stepped up to him.

“I am sorry to intrude upon you, my lord,” said the officer, “but the Prince has commanded me to place this paper in your hands.”

“Ha! an arrest!” cried Churchill.

XVI.

MOOR RECEIVES DISHEARTENING INTELLIGENCE.

THE feelings of James on re-entering Whitehall, after the perils he had incurred, were not such as might have been expected. His joy was saddened by the reflection that, in those around him, he could see only the constant opponents of his arbitrary policy, while the sycophants whom he had loaded with favour, and who had been so loud in their professions of loyalty, were ranged on

the side of his antagonist. More bitter still was the thought that he must number his own children among his enemies.

The public rejoicings for his return did not close with the day. At night the city was illuminated; bonfires blazed before Whitehall; and a grand display of fireworks took place in the Park. James himself, withdrawing from his courtiers, and attended only by Moor, was a spectator of the scene from a window of the banqueting-house.

While he was thus employed, Saint Leu was suddenly introduced.

“God preserve your majesty,” said the latter, falling on his knee before the King. “I have come to assure you of the safety of the Queen.”

And he presented James with a sealed packet, which the monarch pressed to his heart, and then, gratefully regarding the

messenger, proceeded to the inner apartments.

“Where is Sabine?” cried Moor, as soon as the King was gone.

“Lost to you for ever,” replied Saint Leu, mournfully. “But calm yourself, and listen to what I have to say. You are aware that it was the intention of King Louis to place her in a convent, if she refused to abjure the reformed religion. On our arrival in France, this purpose was formally notified to her, and in order to mortify Lauzun, Louvois, who knew what was passing, allowed the King no rest till he took the first steps in the cruel scheme. But in the interim, Queen Mary informed the monarch of her attachment to you, and spoke of you so highly, as one who had displayed the most heroic devotion to your sovereign, and who enjoyed her especial favour, that Louis declared he would

consent to your espousing her, if it were not for the fatal doubt that rested on your birth."

"Fatal, indeed!" exclaimed Moor, bitterly.

"I hoped to remove this doubt," said Saint Leu. "But Louvois now became urgent for Sabine's conversion, and it was impossible to accomplish my purpose in the time; and in this dilemma Lauzun revealed the whole affair to Madame de Maintenon. By her advice, it was arranged that Sabine should come with me to England, but if my hope of being able to make good your claims should not be realized, she was to return to France. I have only to add, that the hope I entertained has been completely overthrown."

"Yet you speak as if it had been well-grounded," cried Moor.

"I made certain of success," answered

Saint Leu. "A man named Snewin engaged, for a given sum, to place in my hands the letter written by your father to Lord Nottingham, in which he acknowledged his marriage with your mother."

"Ha! the letter that was stolen?" cried Moor.

"The same," said Saint Leu. "It was stolen by Snewin, at the instigation of Lord Mauvesin, but as he wished to retain some hold over his lordship, he kept back the original letter, and cajoled Mauvesin with a copy of it. That letter I recovered—it does not matter how; but, alas! the signature of the writer is torn off."

Moor uttered a passionate exclamation.

"It is indeed sad, and I sincerely sympathize with you," resumed Saint Leu. "No doubt, all means of proving your father's marriage are now destroyed."

"Yes, I am unfortunate in everything,"

cried Moor. "But you say Sabine is in England! Where is she? Oh! let me see her once more."

"It is impossible," answered Saint Leu. "Even if I were not bound by a promise, she is now in charge of Lady Oglethorpe, whose instructions are positive that she is not to see you again."

"Then, nothing is left me but despair," exclaimed Moor, distractedly.

"Time will reconcile you to your destiny," said Saint Leu, "and action and absence will drive Sabine from your mind. But see! I am summoned by the King. Farewell for ever!"

XVII.

HOW JAMES WAS AGAIN PREVAILED UPON
TO FLY.

THE clock of Saint Martin's Church had just told the hour of midnight as a sedan-chair, borne by two men, hurried along Charing-cross, towards the statue of Charles the First. At this point a man muffled in a cloak, who had previously been concealed behind the statue, walked up to it, and before the chairmen could interfere, let down the sash of the door, when he ascertained that the only inmate was a lady. The latter

exhibited no alarm at his intrusion, but pulled the check-string, and the chairmen slackened their pace, while the stranger walked on by the side of the chair.

“I have been anxiously expecting your ladyship,” he said, in a low tone. “The hour I appointed with Churchill is past, and he has not yet come. What is to be done?”

“Lord Halifax surely cannot be at a loss how to act in any emergency,” replied the lady, in an equally low voice. “But if Churchill should be unable to come to-night he will certainly be here in the morning, and that may answer our purpose as well. Enough for us that it is in our power to seat the King more firmly on the throne than ever.”

There was a brief pause.

“May I ask you one question, Lady Oglethorpe?” said Halifax, at length. “When you speak of Churchill being

unable to come to-night, have you any reason to suppose that his absence is involuntary?"

"I have heard that he has been arrested, but I do not believe it," replied Lady Oglethorpe, hesitatingly. "In any case, you will not forsake the King?"

"Rely on my devotion to him," returned Halifax. "But you shall hear more to-morrow, and meanwhile I bid your ladyship farewell."

So saying, he turned away, and proceeded with a quick step towards Whitehall, musing over the information he had received.

"Yes," he thought, "her ladyship will indeed hear more to-morrow, but that will be no fault of mine. I would have saved him if I could, but I cannot run such a great risk alone, and these time-servers cannot be trusted. If Churchill has been arrested, he

has by this time betrayed all he knew, and my own safety depends entirely on my fulfilling the Prince's wishes. I have now no alternative."

Full of these reflections, he approached the palace-gate, and, giving the pass-word to the sentinel, entered the court-yard, when he made his way towards two men, who were standing behind a neighbouring projection.

"I have kept you waiting, my lords," he said, "but we will not delay any longer. You have the Prince's written order, Lord Delamere, have you not?"

"It is here," answered a stern-looking man, producing a paper. "But I would not exult over a fallen enemy. Let Lord Shrewsbury take charge of it."

"That is not the Prince's wish," observed Shrewsbury, hastily. "He mentioned you, and really I see no use in my going into the palace at all. It is a very perilous as well as

disagreeable business, for the King is still all-powerful here."

"We need not hesitate on that account," sneered Halifax, "for Count de Solms is at hand, with a strong force of the Prince's guards, and in a few moments the palace will be invested by them."

"Let us seek the King at once, then," cried Lord Delamere. "We waste time in debating here."

Halifax made no reply, but led the way to the grand entrance of the palace.

The King had retired to his chamber some time previously. Assured of the safety of the Queen, and supposing himself re-established on the throne, his mind was comparatively easy, and, on seeking his pillow, he soon fell asleep. But his dreams harmonized little with his previous thoughts, and, after awhile, he awoke with a start. In the alarm of the moment he fancied he

heard a noise, and was raising himself to listen, when the curtains of the bed were drawn back, and the Earl of Mulgrave presented himself.

“Forgive me, my liege, for invading your repose!” cried the latter, sinking on his knees; “but, alas! the business I come upon admits of no delay. Three noble lords from the Prince of Orange, demand an immediate audience with you.”

“Ha! are they so peremptory?” cried James, with a frown. “It is usual to attend on me in the daytime, not to arouse me at the dead hour of the night. Who are these courtly visitors?”

“Your majesty’s commissioner, Lord Halifax, is one,” replied Mulgrave, “another is Lord Shrewsbury; but I did not recognise the third.”

“Ascertain who he is before you admit him,” said James.

The King's uneasiness increased when Mulgrave disappeared, and he awaited his return with intense anxiety. At length, the door opened, admitting Lord Halifax, who was followed hesitatingly by Shrewsbury, and by a man muffled in a cloak. Halifax stepped up to the bed-side.

"I crave your majesty's pardon for seeking an audience at this unseasonable hour," he said; "but I am charged with a message from the Prince of Orange, which will not admit of delay. His highness has directed me to deliver this packet to you."

"Give it me," said James, with affected firmness, as he took the proffered paper, at the same time darting a suspicious glance at the man in the cloak.

"Will it please your majesty to read it?" rejoined Halifax. "It requires instant attention."

"But what if I refuse it attention?"

demanded James. "Methinks you might find more suitable employ than this, my lord. The iron barons of old would have scorned to enter their sovereign's chamber at such an hour, even to obtain a Magna Charta. Lord Shrewsbury, too! It is long since I have seen your face, my lord, but I have not forgotten it. And—and—but I do not know your companion."

"Will it please your majesty to read the letter?" said the person alluded to, without disclosing himself.

"I should know that voice," muttered James.

He fixed his eyes steadfastly on the stranger for a moment, then turned an uneasy look on Shrewsbury and Halifax; and finally, with a half-suppressed sigh, proceeded to read the Prince's letter.

"This is impossible!" he cried, after he had perused it. "The Prince cannot think

that I would leave London, when my affairs promise so well again. My Lord Halifax, I took you for my friend. This is not a friend's part."

"You are mistaken, my liege," said Halifax, with feigned emotion. "If I advise you to leave the capital, it is because I know your remaining here will only cause bloodshed, without doing you any service. Count Solms and the Dutch guards have surprised the sentries in the park, and in a few moments will have invested the palace, when you will be a prisoner. Besides," he added, lowering his voice, and speaking more significantly, "I am in fear for your life. See who is with me!"

Looking up, the King's eye fell on Lord Delamere, who had now thrown off his cloak, and stood at the foot of the bed, regarding him intently. James turned deadly pale, but if he had observed the

nobleman narrowly, he would have seen more of sympathy than enmity in his countenance.

“The Prince is right,” he cried. “I thank you for your counsel, my lord,” he added, in a whisper, to Halifax. “But I cannot go to Hampton Court. I will not go there. Anywhere else—anywhere, if it be a good air, near the sea. Say Rochester, my lord—I will go there.”

“Your majesty is aware it does not rest with me,” replied Halifax, in the same tone; “but I will speak apart with my colleagues a moment, and do you what service I can in the matter.”

James thankfully acquiesced, and the wily nobleman turned aside, and exchanged a few words in an under-tone with Shrewsbury and Delamere.

“Their lordships agree that your majesty shall fix your residence at Rochester,” he

then said; "but we cannot pledge ourselves that the Prince will sanction this arrangement." And sinking his voice, he continued, "For this reason, I recommend you to leave London instantly—even this very moment; and I will myself see everything provided for your journey. I cannot answer for your safety here a single hour."

At this juncture a trumpet was heard in the court-yard, followed by drums beating to arms, and the next moment the chamber-door was thrown open by Moor.

"The Dutch guards are advancing on the palace, your majesty," he cried. "Thank Heaven, we can now strike a blow, and they will bitterly repent their temerity!"

"You do not know what you say, sir," cried Shrewsbury, alarmed at the idea of a collision. "The Dutch force is five thousand strong, and is supported by a train of

artillery. You cannot think to cope with them?"

"If a collision take place, I cannot answer for your majesty's life," whispered Halifax to the King.

James looked round for Delamere, and perceived, with a shudder, that he had gradually advanced to the head of the bed.

"I will have no fighting," he said to Moor. "Our force is too small, and I would not have blood shed in vain. Go to Lord Craven, and bid him give up the palace to the Dutch commander."

While the monarch was speaking, the nobleman referred to entered the chamber, and overheard what was said. He was an old man, but his appearance was still gallant, such as seemed to denote the hero of "the imminent deadly breach," whose youthful chivalry had won the heart and hand of the fair Queen of Bohemia.

“I entreat your majesty to recall that order,” he said. “The guards have turned out, and are in the best spirits, and I have no doubt whatever that I can repulse the enemy.”

“The match is too unequal, my lord,” replied James; “and I would not endanger the lives of my soldiers, when there is so little chance of success. No! The decree of Heaven is against us, and we must submit.”

“Then I have worn this sword long enough,” answered Craven, as he drew the weapon forth, “and as I can never wield it for another prince, I beg to lay it at your majesty’s feet.”

James was silent a moment; he then extended his hand to Craven, who pressed it to his lips, and after looking wistfully in the King’s face, walked slowly out of the chamber.

A pause ensued, when James, somewhat re-assured by the presence of Moor, whom he motioned to remain at his side, broke the silence.

“You must now be satisfied that I am desirous to come to terms with the Prince, my lords,” he said, “and you may therefore retire. To-morrow, I shall be ready to leave London.”

Hesitating how to reply, Halifax glanced at Delamere, who made a gesture of assent.

“To-morrow be it, then, my liege,” he said. “At eight o’clock in the morning a barge shall be in attendance at the privy-stairs, to convey you to Rochester.”

With these words, he led the way forth, and James and Moor were left alone.

XVIII.

THE KING QUILTS ENGLAND.

THE morning was cold and gloomy, and the clouds hung low over Whitehall. The banner on the roof of the banqueting-house dropped heavily down, surcharged with moisture. It was the standard of the Prince of Orange.

A crowd had gathered in front of the palace-gate, whose looks evinced the liveliest sympathy for the King, while they conversed together in knots, or stood in circles round

some noisy newsmonger, or scowled in silence on a strong force of Dutch soldiers, who kept the gateway. At last there was a general stir among the multitude, and a small party of horsemen rode up and made their way to the gate, the people receiving them with a low hum of welcome, and uncovering as they passed.

Riding into the court-yard, the new comers alighted and entered the palace, where they were received by a page, who, in obedience to their commands, was about to lead them to the King, when James was observed descending the grand staircase, leaning on the arm of Moor, and followed by Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere.

The fallen monarch was pale and dejected, and so feeble that he paused, every two or three steps, to rest. He looked sadly at his favourite attendants, who, hearing of his approaching departure, had gathered in

the passage to bid him farewell, and could not restrain their tears as he drew nigh.

The party who had just arrived sank on their knees as the King approached. It consisted of the Earls of Nottingham, Ailesbury, and Arran, and Lords Melfort and Dundee.

“We have just heard of your majesty’s intention to quit the capital,” cried Nottingham, “and as we consider such a course to be not only ruinous to you, but highly prejudicial to your people, we have come to implore you to abandon it. Credit us, sire, your affairs are in a very promising condition, and nothing but the step you contemplate can prevent a happy arrangement of them.”

“This interruption is ill-timed, my lord,” cried Delamere, sternly. “His majesty’s determination is fixed, and if he should recede from it, the Prince of Orange has

commanded that he be taken hence by force."

"What is that you say, my lord?" cried Dundee, drawing his sword. "By force!—Can I have heard aright?"

"Do not quarrel on my account," interposed James. "My resolution is fixed to go to Rochester. But, by your leave, a moment." And he waved Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury to one side.

He paused till the three noblemen had drawn back, and then stepped into the midst of his little knot of friends.

"You see I must go," he said, in a whisper. "They surprised me in the night, and made me a prisoner. But this is not all. I have been warned that it is intended to assassinate me."

His auditors regarded each other in horror.

"My liege, I would still advise you not

to quit London," said Nottingham; "but if you are determined to do so, we will attend you to Rochester, and see you placed in safe hands. That done, we will take the best care we can of your interest here."

James made no reply. His attention had again begun to wander, and after looking vacantly at the afflicted nobles, he silently resumed his way.

The whole company walked slowly after him—many of the humblest servants of the palace following in the rear, weeping aloud. It was like a funeral procession—the King leading the way, and seeming, indeed, the chief mourner.

Many persons who held offices about the court, or who possessed interest there, and thus obtained access to the privy-garden, had collected at the stairs, but they drew back as James came up, and took off their hats. The monarch did not seem to notice

them, for he walked on with his eyes fixed on the ground till he reached the steps, when he paused, and turning to the bystanders, raised his hat. The crowd could no longer suppress their emotion, and many burst into tears, while others fell on their knees, and commended him to the protection of Heaven.

James regarded them for a moment with a vacant gaze, and then descended to the barge, where he was received by several Dutch officers and the crew with the customary honours. Moor stepped hastily after him, and was followed by the faithful noblemen, when the barge pushed off, and rapidly descended the river.

It was past noon before the King reached Rochester, where his appearance took the authorities by surprise ; but a large and commodious house belonging to Sir Richard Head was instantly prepared for his recep-

tion, and after a short halt at the Town-hall, he was escorted thither by the Dutch guard.

His dejection increased as the day advanced, and his manner became more and more restless, while he seemed to regard all who approached him with distrust. He suffered the noblemen who had accompanied him from London to take leave without alluding to the occasion of their coming, and finally, after sitting for some time in gloomy meditation, withdrew to his bed-chamber.

Moor, who had been unremitting in his attendance upon him, was now able to retire, but haunted by a fear that some violence might be attempted, he could not dispose himself to sleep, and he ultimately arose, and again sought the presence of James. He found him in his chamber, in conference with Lord Dundee and the

Bishop of Ely, who were imploring him to return to London. While they were thus engaged, they were unexpectedly joined by the Duke of Berwick.

“I am glad to find your majesty,” said the latter. “I arrived in town this morning, after you had gone, and received a communication of such moment that I instantly galloped after you. I must ask the favour of a private audience.”

Dundee and the bishop now took their leave, and withdrew, and Moor also was retiring, but James motioned him to remain.

“My liege, you have been made the instrument of your own ruin,” said Berwick. “The traitor Halifax came to you this morning as a friend, but he was a wolf in sheep’s clothing. He has exposed you to the very peril from which he pretended to preserve you.”

“How!” cried James. “Was it not intended, then, to assassinate me?”

“Whatever might be intended, such a scheme could not be accomplished where you were,” replied Berwick; “but I have been credibly informed, that it was not then thought of. It was a trick of the enemy to lure you to your destruction.”

“Then he will be taken in his own snare,” returned James; “for I will now yield to the importunity of my councillors, and go back to town.”

“Alas! sire, it is now too late, rejoined Berwick, sadly. “What was impossible this morning, is now not only possible, but, I am very surely informed, positively resolved on.” James started. “In short, my liege,” pursued Berwick, “your assassination will probably be attempted in the course of the night.”

“Are you sure of this?” said James, un-

easily. "What can have induced them to change their minds, now I am no longer in the way?"

"Ah! sire, the men who sold you, already repent their treason, and the people weep over your misfortunes," answered Berwick. "The invader has entered London at the head of his army, and has been received in silence by the multitude. It is thought that a rising will take place in your favour; and though, at first, it was only deemed necessary to induce you to flee the country, it is now judged expedient to get rid of you for ever."

"We will take horse at once, and make for the coast," cried James, in alarm.

"That would ruin all," rejoined Berwick, "for I find the house is guarded with unusual strictness. But I will secure a French lugger, which is lying at Chatham, to carry us to France; and, if your majesty will be

in readiness, will contrive to get you off at midnight."

James readily acceded to this arrangement, and, after a few words more, Berwick withdrew, leaving the King and Moor to make their preparations.

James became very uneasy as the night drew on, and Moor shared his apprehensions. The latter, indeed, observed several suspicious-looking men prowling about the house, who represented themselves to belong to the guard, but he found, on inquiry, that they had come after them from London; and this circumstance increased his uneasiness.

Midnight came at last. Muffled in their cloaks, Moor and the King waited anxiously for the Duke of Berwick. But the heavy moments passed on, and the Duke did not make his appearance. One,—two o'clock struck, and still there was no sign of his coming. The

delay filled them with a thousand fears. Had he failed in his design of hiring the French lugger? or had his purpose been discovered by the guard, and measures taken to frustrate it? Tortured with suspense, James wandered restlessly about the room, forgetting that his footsteps might alarm the guard, while Moor stood prepared to defend him with his life, against any hostile attempt.

At length they heard a slight noise in the passage, and the door was softly opened by Berwick.

“All is ready, my liege,” said the duke.
“Follow, and be silent.”

So saying, he led the way forth, and passed down a back staircase to a small door, which he opened, and they descended a flight of steps into a yard. From this another door brought them to the road, and proceeding a short distance, they came to the river. Here they found a boat, manned by

two seamen, and Moor was about to leap into it, with the view of handing in James, when the monarch held him back.

“I will not take you any further, my young friend,” said James. “I am going to seek an asylum at a foreign court, where I shall not require your services, and were it otherwise, I would not carry you with me at a time when it is essential to your interests to remain in England.”

“Alas! my liege, you mistake,” replied Moor. “All that I love will in future be in France.”

“Not so,” returned James. “I have this evening received a packet from Barillon, enclosing the certificate of your mother’s marriage with Lord Mauvesin, which secures you the succession to the title and estates. Take it,” he added, presenting him with a packet, “and with it, the consent of King Louis to your union with Mademoi-

selle Saint-Leu, whom you will find in London with Lady Oglethorpe. Farewell ! ”

With these words he extended his hand to the young man, who sank on his knee, and pressed it fervently to his lips. Before he could regain his feet, James stepped into the boat, which instantly put off, and conveyed him from England for ever.

XIX.

CONCLUSION.

THE boat had pulled but a few strokes' distance, when Moor, whose eyes were riveted on the fading outline of the King, was startled by a footstep; and turning, he perceived a tall figure, muffled in a cloak, stealing towards him.

“Ha!” cried the young man. “Who comes here?”

“Do not be alarmed,” answered the other;
“I am a friend.”

“Colonel Sidney!” exclaimed Moor, in surprise, while he hastily snatched forth a pistol. “If you value your life, do not advance another step.”

“You forget, Mr. Moor, that a word from me will bring out the guard,” answered Sidney; “but I have no wish to intercept the King. You are silent; but you cannot deny that James Stuart is in yonder boat. However, I pledge you my word that I will not give the alarm.”

With this he stepped forward, and Moor suffered him to advance to the water’s edge. As he did so, the boat reached the ship, and the figure of the King could be distinguished mounting to the deck.

“At last, your reign is over!” exclaimed Sidney, in a deep voice; “and my brother, whom you brought to the scaffold, is avenged.”

There was a pause, during which the two companions kept their eyes fixed on the lugger; but, at length, the little vessel got uuder weigh, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

“I am glad to find that you do not accompany your master to France, Mr. Moor,” Sidney then observed; “for as Lord Mauvesin is now dead, you may probably be able to recover your birthright. I wish I could give you hope of your mistress also; but Saint Leu, whom I saw yesterday, has by this time carried her off again, or I would find some pretext for detaining them.”

“Do you think they have left London, then?” cried Moor, hastily. “But I linger here, while I should be on the road. Yet where can I procure a horse?”

“I will help you to one,” said Sidney. And taking him by the arm, he drew him into the house.

Meanwhile, in the general disorder, Saint Leu had been unable to procure a passage to France for himself and Sabine: and renewing his enquiries respecting Moor, his hopes of establishing the young man's claims began to revive. They were shared by Sabine, though she could not divest herself of a thousand fears, which were more tormenting than disappointment itself.

After a sleepless night, she arose early, and waited anxiously for the appearance of her guardian. At length, his step approached; and feeling that the next moment would decide her fate for ever, her emotion became insupportable. As he entered, Saint Leu's dejected look seemed to indicate his tidings.

"All is over, then," faltered Sabine. "Do not conceal it from me, uncle; for this suspense aggravates my distress."

"I have indeed been disappointed," replied Saint Leu; "and abandon the pursuit as hopeless. We must instantly return to France; and, I fear, you will now become a permanent inmate of St. Genevieve. I have secured a passage in the lugger, which sails this morning from Gravesend; and if we delay a moment it will go without us."

"Let it do so," said Lady Oglethorpe, who at this instant entered the room. "Sabine knows what will be her fate if she again sets foot in France; and, now she is free, why should she resign her liberty? No, no! remain where you are, Sabine; and you will always find a home with me."

“I am sensible of your kindness, and would gladly accept your invitation,” replied Sabine; “but, alas! I am not so free as you imagine. If I do not return with my uncle, I shall not only become an outlaw, but I shall break the promise given by our gracious mistress, in my name, to Madame de Maintenon.”

“And the Count de Lauzun, too, would be disgraced,” observed Saint Leu.

“Then, you must indeed go, my dear young friend,” cried Lady Oglethorpe, embracing her.

Sabine returned her caress in silence; and then, retiring a moment, hastily arranged her dress, when she announced herself ready to set forth. Before they could take leave, however, the door was thrown open by a valet, and Moor stepped in.

“I am not too late, then,” he cried,

breathlessly, and without heeding the surprise of his auditors. "But our troubles are at an end. Sabine, if her affections are unchanged, is mine!"

A brief explanation ensued; but the happiness of the lovers was indicated less by words than by their tones and looks. When their first transport had in some measure subsided, Moor became impatient for the completion of his felicity; and, at length, Sabine was prevailed upon by his entreaties, and the representations of her uncle and Lady Oglethorpe, to forego her scruples, and consent to an immediate union. The written authority of the King removing all obstacles, the marriage was accordingly solemnized, a few hours afterwards, in the private chapel of Whitehall, where the bride and bridegroom were instantly saluted as Lord and Lady Mauvesin.

JAMES THE SECOND.

It is only necessary to add, that the proper steps were taken to secure their rights, and that Moor (if his assumed name can be longer retained) succeeded to the honours and estates of his father.

THE END.

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